National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. | Without Concealment---Without Compromise. | EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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Pro-Slavery.

PROPOSED RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF SLAVERY.

THE article on the West Indies, attributed to Mr. Carlyle, which we (*London Inquirer*,) have elsewhere noticed, appears in the December Number of *Frazer*, under the title of "Occasional Discourses on the Negro Question." It is in the form of an imaginary speech, addressed by way of humorous remonstrance to the Grand "Universal Abolition of Pain Association," which the speaker fears may turn out a "Universal Sluggard and Scoundrel Protecting Society." The following are the chief passages:—

"West Indian affairs, as we all know, and some of us know to our cost, are in a rather troublous condition this good while. In regard to West Indian affairs, however, Lord J. Russel is able to comfort us with one fact, indisputable where so many are dubious, that the Negroes are all very happy and doing well. A fact very comfortable indeed. West Indian Whites, it is admitted, are far enough from happy: West Indian Colonies not unlike sinking wholly into ruin: at home, too, the British Whites are rather badly off; several millions of them hanging on the verge of continual famine: and in single towns, many thousands of them very sore put to it, at this time, not to live 'well,' or as a man should, in any sense temporal or spiritual, but to live at all. These again, are uncomfortable facts: and they are extremely extensive and important ones. But, thank Heaven, our interesting Black population—equalling almost in number of heads one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, and in *worth* (in quantity of intellect, docility, energy, and available human valor and value) perhaps one of the streets of Seven Dials,—are all doing remarkably well. 'Sweet blighted lilies,'—as the American epitaph on the Nigger child has it,—sweet blighted lilies, they are holding up their heads again! How pleasant, in the universal bankruptcy abroad, and dim dreary stagnancy at home, as if for England too there remained nothing but to suppress Chartist riots, banish United Irishmen, vote the supplies, and *wait* with arms crossed till black Anarchy and Social Death devoured us also, as it has done the others—how pleasant to have always this fact to fall back upon: our beautiful Black darlings are at last happy; with little labor except the teeth, *which* surely, in these excellent horse-jaws of theirs, will not fail!

"Exeter Hall, my philanthropic friends, has had its way in this matter. The Twenty Millions, a mere trifle despatched with a single dash of the pen, are paid; and far over the sea, we have a few Black persons rendered extremely 'free' indeed. Sitting yonder with their beautiful muzzles up to the ears in pumpkins, imbibing sweet pulps and juices; the grinder and incisor teeth ready for every new work, and the pumpkins cheap as grass in those rich climates: while the sugar-crops rot round them uncut, because labor cannot be hired, so cheap are the pumpkins;—and at home we are but required to rasp from the breakfast loaves of our own English laborers some slight 'differential sugar-duties,' and lend a poor half-million or a few poor millions now and then, to keep that beautiful state of matters going on. A state of matters lovely to contemplate, in these emancipated epochs of the human mind; which has earned us not only the praise of Exeter Hall, and loud long-eared hallejuhs of laudatory psalmody from the Friends of Freedom everywhere, but lasting favor (it is hoped) from the Heavenly Powers themselves;—which may at least justly appeal to the Heavenly Powers, and ask them, if ever in terrestrial procedure they saw the match of it? Certainly in the past history of the human species it has no parallel; nor, one hopes, will it have in the future.

"Sunk in deep froth-oceans of 'Benevolence,' 'Fraternity,' 'Emancipation-principle,' 'Christian Philanthropy,' and other most amiable-looking, but most baseless, and in the end baleful and all-bewildering jargon—sad product of a sceptical Eighteenth Century, and of poor human hearts left destitute of any earnest guidance, and disbelieving that there ever was any, Christian or Heathen, and reduced to believe in rosepink Sentimentalism alone, and to cultivate the same under its Christian, Antichristian, Broad-brimmed, Brutus-headed, and other forms,—has not the human species gone strange roads during that period; and poor Exeter Hall, cultivating the Broad-brimmed form of Christian Sentimentalism, and long talking and bleating in that strain, has it not worked out results? Our West Indian legislatings, with their spoutings, anti-spoutings, and interminable jangle and babble; our twenty millions down on the nail for Blacks of our own; thirty gradual millions more, and many brave British lives to boot, in watching Blacks of other people's; and now at last our ruined sugar-estates, differential sugar duties, 'immigration loan,' and beautiful Blacks sitting there up to the ears in pumpkins, and doleful Whites sitting here without potatoes to eat: never till now, I think, did the sun look down on such a jumble of human nonsenses;—of which, with the two hot nights of Missing-Despatch Debate, God grant that the measure might now at last be full! But no, it is not yet full: we have a long way to travel back, and terrible flounderings to make, and in fact an immense load of nonsense to dislodge from our poor heads, and manifold cobwebs to rend from our poor eyes, before we get into the road again, and can begin to act as serious men that have work to do in this universe, and no longer as windy sentimentalists that merely have speeches to deliver and despatches to write. Oh Heaven, in West Indian matters, and in all manner of matters, it is so with us: the more is the sorrow!—

"The West Indies, it appears, are short of labor; as indeed is very conceivable in those circumstances: where a Black man by working about half an hour a-day (such is the calculation) can supply himself, by aid of sun and soil, with as much pumpkin as will suffice, he is likely to be a little stiff to raise into hard work! Supply and demand, which, science says, should be brought to bear upon him, have an uphill task of it with such a man. Strong sun supplies itself gratis, rich soil in those unpeopled or half-peopled regions almost gratis; these are *his* supply; and half an hour a day, directed upon these, will produce pumpkin which is his 'demand.' The fortunate Black man, very swiftly does he settle *his* account with supply and demand:—not so swiftly the less fortunate White man of these tropical localities. He himself cannot work; and his black neighbor, rich in pumpkin, is in no haste to help him. Sunk to the ears in pumpkin, imbibing saccharine juices, and much at his ease in the Creation, he can listen to the less fortunate white man's 'demand,' and take his own time in supplying it. Higher wages, massa; higher, for your cane-crop cannot wait; still higher,—till no conceivable opulence of cane-crop will cover such wages! In Demerrara, as I read in the blue book of last year, the cane-crop, far and wide, stands rotting; the fortunate black gentlemen, strong in their pumpkins, having all struck till the 'demand' rise a little. Sweet blighted lilies, now getting up their heads again!"

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"To do competent work, to labor honestly according to the ability given them; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being. That is the 'unhappy' lot; lot equally unhappy cannot otherwise be provided for man. Whatsoever prohibits or prevents a man from this his sacred appointment to labor while he lives on earth,—that, I say, is the man's deadliest enemy; and all men are called upon to do what is in their power or opportunity towards delivering him from it. If it be his own indolence that prevents and prohibits him, then his own indolence is the enemy he must be delivered from: and the first 'right' he has,—poor indolent blockhead, black or white, is, that every *un*prohibited man, whatsoever wiser, more industrious person may be passing that way, shall endeavor to 'emancipate' him from his indolence, and by some wise means as I said compel him to do the work he is fit for. This is the eternal law of nature for a man, my benificent Exeter Hall friends; this, that he shall be permitted, encouraged, and if need be compelled to do what work the Maker of him has intended by the making of him for this world!"

"Let me suggest another consideration withal.—West Indian Islands, still full of waste fertility, produce abundant pumpkins; pumpkins, however, you will please to observe, are not the sole requisite for human well-being. No: for a pig they are the one thing needful, but for a man they are only the first of several things needful."

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"And now, as to the right of chief management in cultivating those West India lands; as to the 'right of property' so-called, and of doing what you like with your own! The question is abstruse enough. Who it may be that has a right to raise pumpkins and other produce on those Islands, perhaps none can, except temporarily, decide. The Islands are good withal for pepper, for sugar, for sago, arrowroot, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon and precious spices; things far nobler than pumpkins; and leading towards commerce, arts, politics, and social developments, which alone are the noble product, where men (and not pigs with pumpkins) are the parties concerned! Well, all this fruit too, fruit spicy and commercial, fruit spiritual and celestial, so far beyond the merely pumpkinish and grossly terrene, lies in the West India lands; and the ultimate 'proprietorship' of them,—why, I suppose, it will vest in him who can the *best* educe from them whatever of noble produce they were created fit for yielding. He, I compute, is the real 'Vicegerent of the Maker' there; in him, better and better chosen, and not in another is the 'property' vested by decree of Heaven's chancery itself!"

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"Observe, my friends, it was not Black Quashee or those he represents that made those West India Islands what they are, or can by any hypothesis be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. For countless ages, since they first mounted, oozy, on the back of earthquakes, from their dark bed in the Ocean deeps, and reeking saluted the Tropical Sun, and ever onwards till the European White man first saw them some three short centuries ago, those islands had produced mere jungle, savagery, poison-reptiles, and swamp-malaria; till the White European first saw them, they were as if not yet created,—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper black and grey, lying all asleep, waiting the White Enchanter who should say to them, awake! Till the end of human history and the sounding of the Trump of Doom, they might have lain so, had Quashee and the like of him been the only artists in the game. Swamps, fever-jungles, man-eating Caribs, rattlesnakes, and reeking waste and putrefaction, this had been the produce of them under the incompetent Caribal (what we call Cannibal) possessors till that time; and Quashee knows, himself, whether ever he could have introduced an improvement. Him, had he by a miraculous chance been wafted thither, the Caribals would have eaten, rolling him as a fat morsel under their tongue; for him, till the sounding of the Trump of Doom, the rattlesnake and savageries would have held on their way. It was not he, then; it was another than he! Never by art of his could one pumpkin have grown there to solace any human throat; nothing but savagery and reeking putrefaction could have grown there. These plentiful pumpkins, I say therefore, are not his: no, they are another's; they are his only under conditions; conditions which Exeter Hall, for the present, has forgotten; but which Nature and the Eternal Powers have by no manner of means forgotten, but do at all moments keep in mind, and, at the right moment, will, with the due impressiveness, perhaps in a rather terrible manner, bring again to our mind also!

"If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing out those sugars, cinnamons, and nobler products of the West India Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then *I* say neither will the Powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but will sheer him out, by-and-by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground; him and all that partake with him,—perhaps in a very terrible manner. For, under favor of Exeter Hall, the 'terrible manner,' is not quite extinct with the Destinies in this Universe: nor will it quite cease, I apprehend, for soft sawder or philanthropic stump-oratory now or henceforth. No; the gods wish besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies:—infinitely more they wish, that manful industrious men occupy their West Indies, not indolent two-legged cattle, however 'happy' over their abundant pumpkins! Both these things, we may be assured, the immortal gods have decided upon, passed their eternal act of parliament for: and both of them, though all terrestrial Parliaments and entities opposite it to the death, shall be done. Quashee if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one) and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work."

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"The West India Whites, so soon as this bewilderment of philanthropic and other jargon abates from them and their poor eyes get to discern a little what the Facts are and what the Laws are, will strike into another course, I apprehend! I apprehend they will, as a preliminary, resolutely *refuse* to permit the Black man any privilege whatever of pumpkins till he agree for work in return. . . . The State wants sugar from these islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such services as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all. Not a Black Ireland, by immigration, and boundless Black supply for the demand; not that—may the Gods forbid!—but a regulated West Indies, with Black working population in adequate numbers; all 'happy,' if they find it possible and *not* entirely unbeautiful to gods and men, which latter result they *must* find possible! All 'happy' enough; that is to say, all working according to the faculty they have got, making a little more divine this earth which the gods have given them. Is there any other 'happiness,'—if it be not that of pigs fattening daily to the slaughter? So will the State speak by and by.

"Any poor idle Black man, any idle White man, rich or poor, is a mere eye-sorrow to the State, a perpetual blister on the skin of the State. The State is taking measures, some of them rather extensive in Europe at this very time, and already, as in Paris, Berlin, and elsewhere, rather tremendous measures, to *get* its rich White men set to work; for, alas! they also have long sat Negro-like up to the ears in pumpkin, regardless of 'work,' and of a world all going to waste for their idleness! Extensive measure, I say; and already (as, in all European lands, this scandalous year of street-barricades and sham-kings exhibits) *tremendous* measures; for the thing is instant to be done.

"The thing must be done everywhere; *must* is the word. Only it is so terribly difficult to do; and will take generations yet, this of getting our rich European White men 'set to work!' But yours in the West Indies, my obscure Black friends, your work, and the getting of you set to it, is a simple affair; and by diligence, the West Indian Legislatures, and Royal Governors, setting their faces fairly to the problem, will get it done. You are not 'slaves' now; nor do I wish, if it can be avoided, to see you slaves again; but decidedly you will have to be servants to those who are born *wiser* than you, that are born lords of you,—servants to the Whites, if they *are* (as what mortal can doubt they are?) born wiser than you. . . . And if 'slave' mean essentially 'servant hired for life,'—for life, or by a contract of long continuance and not easily dissoluble,—I ask, whether, in all human things, the 'contract of long continuance' is not precisely the contract to be desired, were the right terms once found for it? Servant hired for life, were the right terms once found, which I do not pretend they are, seems to me much preferable to servant hired for the month, or by contract dissoluble in a day. An ill-situated servant that—servant grown to be *nomadic*; between whom and his master a good relation *cannot* easily spring up!

"To state articulately, and put into practicable Lawbooks what on all sides is *fair* from the West India White to the West India Black; what relations the Eternal Maker *has* established between these two creatures of His; what He has written down, with intricate but ineffaceable record, legible to candid human insight, in the respective qualities, strengths, necessities, and capabilities of each of the two: this will be a long problem, only to be solved by continuous human endeavor, and earnest effort gradually perfecting itself as experience successively yields new light to it. This will be to '*find* the right terms' of a contract that will endure, and be sanctioned by Heaven, and obtain prosperity on Earth, between the two. A long problem, terribly neglected hitherto;—whence these West Indian sorrows, and Exeter Hall monstrosities, just now!"

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"What then is practically to be done? Much, very much, my friends, to which it hardly falls to me to allude at present: but all this of perfect equality, of cutting quite loose from one another; all this, with 'immigration loan,' 'happiness of black peasantry,' and the other melancholy stuff that has followed from it, will first of all require to be *un*done, and have the ground cleared of it, by way of preliminary to 'doing!'

'Already one hears of Black *Adscripti glebæ*; which seems a promising arrangement, one of the first to suggest itself in such a complicacy. It appears the Dutch Blacks, in Java, are already a kind of *Adscripts*, after the manner of the old European serfs; bound, by royal authority, to give so many days of work a year. Is not this something like a real approximation; the first step towards all manner of such? Wherever, in British territory, there exists a Black man, and needful work to the just extent is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of better, should be brought to bear upon said Black man! How many laws of like purport, conceivable some of them, might be brought to bear upon the Black man and the White, with all despatch, by way of solution instead of dissolution to their complicated case just now. On the whole it ought to be rendered possible, ought it not, for White men to live beside Black men, and in some just manner to command Black men, and produce West Indian fruitfulness by means of them? West Indian fruitfulness will need to be produced. If the English cannot find the method for that, they may rest assured there will another come (Brother Jonathan or still another) who can. He it is whom the gods will bid continue in the West Indies; bidding us ignominiously, Depart ye quack-ridden, incompetent!"

Selections.

MR. CARLYLE ON THE NEGROES.

We feel it a duty, and not a pleasant one, to lay before our readers this week some extracts from a Paper on the West India Negroes, which has just appeared in "Frazer's Magazine," and which is attributed to Mr. CARLYLE. We wish there were room for doubt as to the authorship, for, coming from Mr. CARLYLE, it is as melancholy an example of the aberration of a fine mind as has ever been exhibited. Of course it is not wholly unsusceptible of explanation. Of Philanthropy, as of Love, Devotion, and every other deep feeling, there is a cant in which pretenders are fluent, and all cant is disgusting to the clear-sighted and sincere. Mr. CARLYLE is both. He was stimulated to his best labors by a wholesome horror of all sorts of shams and falsehoods; and he is entitled to have the best construction put upon the cynical outbreaks in which he has been accustomed to indulge against mawkish philanthropy and "rose-pink sentimentalism." We have often thought that his bitter humor would serve as a useful tonic to the languid morality of a time in which sympathy with suffering is far more vivid than abhorrence of sin. But the new Reformer's dislike of our frothy, benevolent agitations has at length become as extravagant and repulsive as any of the hypocrisies or corruptions which he denounces. His sour meditations have altogether unsettled his judgment, and obscured his moral perceptions. Prophecy has degenerated into raving, eloquence into mere drivelling. The most sacred rights, the holiest feelings, are trampled upon with rude insult. Vulgar Billingsgate abusiveness, repeating again and again, with miserable monotony, a jargon of coarse epithets, which it substitutes for ideas, is what we find in the latest composition of one who has shed an original light upon history, and helped to impart a new soul to philosophy and criticism.

The aspect of West India affairs is, to most people, unsatisfactory. To Mr. CARLYLE it is gloomy as night. Cultivation is diminishing. The interests of civilization, so far as they are represented by the prosperity and predominence of the white race, are in jeopardy. The Negroes, living easily, are indisposed to the severe labor of the cane-fields without wages, which the planters cannot pay. Mr. CARLYLE looks round for the cause of disorder, and, purely out of opposition to Exeter-hall, he selects as the objects on which to discharge the whole of his indignation, the parties who, of all others, have done the least wrong and suffered the most. He describes the whole Negro race, in a tone of sorrowful vituperation, which we cannot call less than brutal. One large branch of the human family, colored and organized in the manner that has seemed good to the just and merciful Father of us all, and who are thought by competent observers, like Miss MARTINEAU, to possess in peculiar strength some of the most beautiful elements of our nature, Mr. CARLYLE stigmatizes as being in morals and intellect no better than beasts. He contemptuously embodies the whole class as "Black QUASHEE," living on pumpkins with the lazy gluttony of a pig, and indisposed without the incentive of the "beneficent whip," to render any useful service to society. A whole West Riding population of such is not equal in "quantity of intellect, faculty, docility, energy, and available human valor and value," to "one of the streets of Seven Dials." Not only poor QUASHEE's color, but his very existence, seems to be a crime, and his Slavery to be of Divine appointment. He was to be, and will have to be, the servant of the *white*, who no mortal can doubt is *born* wiser. By life contracts, or something equivalent, English whites must contrive to make their blacks work, or they will be turned out of the West Indies ignominiously as Quack-ridden Philanthropists by some more heroic race ["as Brother JONATHAN or still another,"] who know how to execute the will of God upon the Africans.

Such is the doctrine, which in a style of neither light nor graceful humor we find set forth, as the faith that is to save our modern civilization. It is not new. It is ancient as tyranny or any of the bad passions that have desolated he earth. There may be some novelty in its being so broadly stated at a time when men are peculiarly likely to feel its atrocity; but even in these days it has public advocates wherever sugar and cotton are of more esteem than the minds or bodies of men. The Gospel of *work* as a universal duty, we believe, with Mr. CARLYLE, to be a true and Heaven-sent Gospel. The dogma that some men have a right divine to compel others to work by any means that will serve the purpose, is no part of that Gospel. It is a heresy truly Satanic and detestable. What are its fruits? Always, as in this case, it makes the wolf the accuser, judge and punisher of the lamb. Mr. CARLYLE's sympathies are entirely with the wolf. He sees no crime except where there is weakness. The cruelty of the Conqueror is sanctified by his might; but woe to the vanquished! Those who are down always deserve it. Crush them, therefore, without pity, and bow down their souls as well as their bodies, by the doctrine, that their enslavement is the righteous ordinance of Heaven. Against this horrid creed the human heart has eternally protested. The generous instincts of men have always refused to admit that might and right are identical, and from age to age have kept up a struggle in favor of the fallen against successful tyranny. Mr. CARLYLE would have it otherwise. He would have us find our saints and civilizers amongst strong-handed Bucceniers and whip-armed Slaveholders. In short, we are to give up the religion of love for the religion of force, and make what preparations we can for the reign of Anti-Christ upon the earth. The Heathen Dramatists had a higher conception of the destiny of humanity than this. PROMETHEUS chained to the rock, by the ministers of triumphant Power, calmly defying his oppressor and foretelling a day of retribution, is the expression of a more true, more moral, and more ennobling faith, than this oriental Hero-warship, which preaches submission to the strongest.

As for the character of these poor Negroes, we presume, like other people, is, in some small degree, owing to their training. They have not learned the English taste for work, but to what kind instructors were they indocile? Dragged from their homes across an ocean, what was done to humanize them by their wise and divinely appointed masters? With the intellects and hearts which GOD thought fit to give them, there they have been in those West India Islands for three hundred years,—materials for white wisdom to work upon like clay in the hands of the potter. That long experiment was fairly made. No voice of maudlin pity came from Exeter-hall to disturb it. The "beneficent whip" was uncontrolled by a scruple. The result is what we see. Whatever you find to hate or to scorn, in Black QUASHEE, refusing to work, and caring only for pumpkins, think, before you launch the bolts of Divine vengeance at his head, whether anything be due to his instructors. So far as QUASHEE disobeys the lights he has, he will surely one day have to answer for it; but when that day comes, we apprehend there will be other and greater criminals trembling at the same bar for their short-comings.

The Negroes, according to Mr. CARLYLE's view, are natural-born slaves; because, without the influence of a more civilized people, they would never have emerged from barbarism. But what barbarous nation ever civilized itself? Certainly not the English. Mr. CARLYLE himself might, at this day, have been a naked Pict, disputing with swine for acorns, and showing even less of the germs of a higher nature than QUASHEE squatting on a Jamaica waste, but for the inheritance of art, and laws, and literature, which his forefathers derived from the Romans. The Northern barbarians received the impulse from Rome; Rome from the Etruscans and the Greeks; the Greeks from the Egyptians or the Phœnicians. In the earliest antiquity there were dark-skinned Africans amongst those

"——dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

From nation to nation we trace back the sacred stream, but history does not enable us to ascend to its source. We believe that source to have been a primitive revelation from GOD. Having once bestowed the Divine gift, he left men to impart it to each other, that the bond of brotherhood might be felt and the movement of the human mind be progressive. As the current of civilization flowed onward, every new race enriched it with new elements of feeling and thought, and we may presume that the Divine plan will not be accomplished until the youngest nationalities have all been developed, and every hidden power and faculty has contributed something to the fulness of man's moral and intellectual life. If any of the successively favored races has been untrue to its mission, we are not the least guilty, who have used the greatest endowments of light and knowledge, not to raise, but to oppress. But if we have corrupted, without civilizing, the Red men, and enslaved, without educating, the Blacks, do we dare to make a mock of the degradation to which we have reduced our victims? Even the Romans, who, with all their crimes, could feel that it was the part of greatness to spare the weak, as well as to subdue the proud, might cry shame on such arrogant and barbarous insensibility.

If Mr. CARLYLE's last discourse could be confined to England, we should care less about it. Some of the more imitative and weak-minded of his disciples would no doubt, sanction the enslavement of Negroes in Jamaica, as readily as the slaughter of Celts in Ireland. But the healthful morality of the English people would fling aside such savage crotchets to keep company with the doctrines of the Mormons and the Red Republic. But in America whatever proceeds from Mr. CARLYLE's pen is sure to be read with avidity; and with the fatal prejudice of color, which is there so intense, we cannot imagine a more deadly moral poison for the American people than his last composition. Every cruel practice of social exclusion will derive from it new sharpness and venom. The slaveholder, of course, will exult to find himself not apologized for, but enthusiastically cheered, upheld, and glorified, by a writer of European celebrity. But it is not merely the slave who will feel Mr. CARLYLE's hand in the torture of his flesh, the rivetting of his fetters, and the denial of light to his mind. The free Black will feel him too, in the more contemptuous and abhorrent scowl of his brother-man, who will easily derive from this unfortunate essay the belief, that his inhuman feelings are of Divine ordination. It is a true work of the Devil, the fostering of a tyrannical prejudice. Far and wide over space, and long into the future, the winged words of evil counsel will go. In the market-place, in the house, in the theatre, and in the church—by land and by sea—in all the haunts of men—their influence will be felt in a perennial growth of hate and scorn and suffering and resentment. Amongst the sufferers will be many to whom education has given every refined susceptibility that makes contempt and exclusion bitter. Men and women, faithful and diligent, loving and worthy to be loved, and bearing, it may be, no more than an almost imperceptible trace of African descent, will continue yet longer to be banished from the social meal of the white man and to be spurned from his presence in the House of God, because a writer of genius has lent the weight of his authority and his fame, if not of his power, to the perpetuation of a prejudice which Christianity was undermining. When we think how seeds of mischief sown thus broadcast may grow and multiply, we are constrained to doubt whether Mr. CARLYLE has not more than counterbalanced his previous services to humanity. Assuredly he has done that for which it will not be easy to atone, and for which, if there were any virtue in the old penitential austerities, he might very well spend the remainder of his days in sackcloth and ashes.—*London Inquirer*

WE copy from the *London Inquirer* the following interesting review of a German work entitled 'Letters of William Von Humboldt to a Female Friend,' recently translated and published in England:

These letters disclose a curious passage in the biography of a much-respected German statesman, and afford materials for a new chapter in the history of friendship. So singular were the circumstances under which the correspondence arose, so great the constancy with which it was maintained, so free was it from that *false sentimentality* which we have the habit of calling *German*, that we can confidently recommend the work, appearing as it does in an excellent English translation, as both peculiarly interesting, and decidedly moral in its tone.

In the Summer of 1788, William Von Humboldt, brother of the celebrated traveller, met a German clergyman and his daughter at the baths of Pyrmont. Humboldt was then in his twenty-first year, a student at Göttingen; the young lady a few years younger. For *three days* they were inseparable companions in their walks among the charming avenues.—"Neither wishes nor hopes nor disquietudes" were mingled with the remembrance of that happy episode in life. The lady wrote in the decline of life concerning this happy time—"My mind became more earnest than it had ever been before. We had talked over many things which still occupied me for a long time; and the love of the true, the good, and the beautiful, became clearer and stronger within me." The friends parted, however, without expectation of ever meeting again, and they were soon completely separated by the circumstances of life. Humboldt took a leading part in the civil service of his country, married a very estimable lady, and became the respected father of a prosperous family.

The young lady also married, but not, as it appears, happily. After five years of married life, she became a childless widow. She possessed a considerable fortune, great part of which she surrendered to the Government of Brunswick, when the appeal was made for aid during the war-crisis in Germany. The Duke of Brunswick, to whose honor she looked for an acknowledgment of her claim to restitution, fell at Waterloo; and she, consequently, found herself involved in pecuniary embarrassment,

That this lady should then remember the interesting and friendly student, William Humboldt, who at that time filled the high office of representative for Prussia at the Congress of Vienna, and that she should appeal to him to intercede for her, is not surprising; the manner in which the request was met by the illustrious diplomatist was much more singular. Failing in power to obtain for her the restitution of her just rights, Humboldt immediately inclosed a bank-bill for her present support, and requested her to rely upon his aid for one year, during which he thought she ought to indulge herself in rest before she should undertake to work for her own support. To remind the ambassador of the acquaintance whom, after the busy occurrences of twent-ysix years, he might possibly have forgotten, the lady enclosed the leaf of an album, which he had inscribed with a few lines, and left with her at Pyrmont as a remembrance.—"Those lines of my own," said Humboldt in his reply, "which I see again after such a lapse of time, are like a voice from another world. I am happy to say—for it is a true cause for happiness—that I have no need to be ashamed of any feeling I entertained in my youth; and, believe me, I am quite as single-minded now as I was then." Ministers and diplomatists, how many of you could say the same? "Never suppose, dear Charlotte," said Humboldt, "that I see anything unseemly in trying to live by the labor of one's own hands. You shall be quite free in future. It is only till your health is restored that you must obey me."

In the meantime, partly as a source of gratification to himself, but much more influenced by the hope of cheering and strengthening the mind of his correspondent, Humboldt proposed that a regular interchange of letters should pass between them. Between the years 1814 and 1820, Humboldt's time was so much engrossed by affairs of State, that there were considerable intervals in the correspondence; but this lady was continually receiving from him tokens of remembrance and intelligence respecting her property, &c.; and as soon as the statesman enjoyed repose, the interchange became regular, and so continued, until Humboldt's death. He repeatedly expressed in his letters that he did not entertain the hope of *seeing* his correspondent. It was certainly, as he called it, "a most extraordinary tie. Two persons who met only for three days, many years ago, and can scarcely hope to see each other again!" "I cannot now," he writes, 'form to myself any distinct image of you."

It may be difficult to some to imagine so close a mental correspondence existing, with so much apparent indifference as to actual meeting. It is usually far otherwise in our smaller and more convenient country—we see each other's *faces* at least—for *minds* we have little leisure. "How is each of us," exclaims Jean Paul, 'so lonely in the wide bosom of the All!" "Encased each as in his transparent 'ice-place,' our brother visible in his, making signals and gesticulations to us—visible, but for ever unattainable: on his bosom we shall never rest, nor he on ours," says Carlyle, in his burning words. But in this case it was not so; to the first signal of distress there was an answering *cheer*; and the two pilgrims sailed in *company*, though not in *sight*, until one had reached that harbor to which he continually looked with no feelings of dread. But there are few who possess sympathy, patience, and judgment sufficient for the task of directing and strengthening another's mind. No one could be more averse than Humboldt to sentimental melancholy. The tone of his letters is often admonitory, almost *parental*; yet he interested himself in many of the small concerns which affected the happiness of his correspondent, encouraged her love of gardening and country life, and made many inquiries about her health and the state of her abode. To Charlotte's repeated request that she might be allowed to preserve letters which she prized so much, Homboldt acceded, saying, at the same time—

"I have a great dislike to old letters; for even if they do not contain a single word which could, in the smallest degree, injure any human being, still I am an enemy to the system of hoarding. A letter is a conversation between the absent and the present; its destiny is fleeting, and it should pass away like the sound of the voice; the impression produced on the mind is intended to remain till it is strengthened or changed by a second, and so on. I never write a line I am not able and ready to defend; it is not for me, therefore, to be uneasy at the fate of my letters."

In accordance with her own wishes, the lady's letters were destroyed; we can only therefore judge what they were from Humboldt's general friendly approval, and from the kind but firm-minded sympathy which they elicited. Her letters related more incidents of life, dwelt sometimes on irremediable sorrows, and showed at times a tendency to that weary melancholy which is so often the worst disease of the lonely and disappointed spirit. The replies of the stronger mind appear occasionally to have disappointed his correspondent. She ventured once to ask whether he had ever known real suffering:—

"Rest assured," replied Humboldt, "that I always avoid speaking of what I have not known and fully tested by my own experience." "Women," wrote Humboldt, "are more fortunate, and yet more unfortunate, than men, in this respect—that the greater part of their occupations are of such a nature that they can at the same time think of quite different things. They can thus almost the whole day long pursue a train of deep thought without interruption. But when, on the other hand, these thoughts are not of a happy nature, but partly depressing and disquieting, then the danger is certainly greater, and more destructive of inward peace; whereas men, in their business itself, and even against their will, find abstraction and relief from troubles and vexations. . . . In life, it is worthy of peculiar remark, that when we are not too solicitous as to happiness or the want of it, but devote ourselves to strict and unsparing fulfilment of duty, then happiness comes of itself—yea, even arises from a life of troubles and anxieties and privations. I have often seen this verified in the case of women who were very unfortunate in their conjugal relations, but who would rather have perished than dreamt of forsaking their duty. . . . Give, my dear Charlotte, unceasing attention to the preservation of your health and tranquility of mind. I am convinced that our happiness or unhappiness depends more upon the way in which we meet the events of life, than upon the events themselves. A man cannot exactly give himself a joyous, cheerful temperament, for this is the gift of Heaven: but we can, to a great extent, prepare ourselves to encounter with tranquility, to bear courageously, and by our presence of mind, to turn aside or lessen, the many adverse circumstances which, in a greater or less degree, life prepares for all. We certainly act both in accordance with reason and the will of Heaven, when, with as much energy as our powers will permit us to exhibit, we oppose ourselves to fortune, and seek to modify her influence, by strengthening our own mental powers."

Again:—

"I must admit that we are not always masters of our disposition; but we can struggle; and an object earnestly sought for is half obtained."

Such was the continually recurring tone of Humboldt's epistles. He, the statesmen, philosopher, and head of a family, felt occasional solicitude a luxury; cared not when, in the depth of the country, he saw no newspapers during many weeks; and looked calmly forward to the approach of old age; the hours preceding sunset were his favorite hours for exercise, and he inclined, by temperament, to take "the sunset view" of life. Charlotte was meantime honorably maintaining herself by some kind of fancy manufacture, in which she benefitted by her *artistic skill*, and her assiduous labors were rewarded by considerable success. At Humboldt's wish, she transmitted to him a statement of her profits, which had *tripled* her income in six years. He congratulated her upon her well-chosen occupation, activity, and perseverance: but we should not omit to mention that he had continually urged her in the most pressing terms of friendship, to apply to him for assistance, if she desired any gratification which her means did not permit her to obtain.

Humboldt was most strongly impressed with the mental necessity for labor. "*Work*," said he, at another time, "according to my feeling, is as necessary as eating and sleeping." "Whenever I am put out of humor by any circumstance, which does not happen certainly more than thrice in the year, or when I am unwell, nothing recovers me with such certainty as an occupation which exercises my mind closely and in one direction." He sought to soothe and elevate his friend's mind, by leading her to engage in study. Finding that she had already become interested by astronomy, he proposed to her Ritter's "Description of the Earth," as one of the most spirited and ingenious works of the day, and Stolberg's "History of the Christian Religion:" "He had, as you know, gone over to the Catholic religion; but as far as I can judge, this had no influence upon his writings. It is a sort of Church history, not written for the scholar, but with a moral and edifying purpose." Charlotte did not, however, like Stolberg's book, and she fully communicated her opinion upon it, for which Humboldt cordially thanked her. "You have given me very great gratification," he writes, "by your frankness in saying that you should prefer receiving Ritter from me. I have always thought that a book is a peculiarly suitable present to a friend. It is read again and again, sought only in chosen moments—not used like a cup or a glass, at any moment, indifferently—and the friend is remembered in the hour of purest enjoyment. The book may afford you more pleasure as being my gift."

Antiquarian researches occupied much of Humboldt's leisure. He thus speaks of the Bible: "I have often contemplated with pleasure the fact, that it was possible to collect so much that is great, beautiful, and various, as we find in the Bible. Even if this were the only book in the hands of the people, they would possess in it an entire analysis of human nature, whether in relation to its poetry, philosophy, or history; and all so perfect, that it would be difficult to find a single intellect which could not find a corresponding accord in its contents." Speaking of Bunsen's edition of Hymns, Humboldt says, "You may be right in thinking that but few ambassadors to Rome would occupy themselves with a new edition of a book of hymns: it does Bunsen great honor."

In answer to a question from his correspondent, concerning the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, Humboldt endeavored to explain the true meaning of the word, which in our English version is "charity" but which in the German is rendered by "love," both words failing to convey an exact translation of that word, which in Greek was used alone "to express that calm, mild, passionless love," which is always directed by the contemplation of the noblest and most exalted subjects. "There are two facts which render the contents of this chapter, and the idea which should be connected with this word Love, in the sense used by the Apostle extremely noble and beautiful. The first is, that Love itself is spoken of as being eternal in its nature; not merely in reference to eternity, but in its own self; and it is contrasted in this respect with many other things which are great and estimable, but yet transitory in their nature: it is portrayed not as a solitary perishable sentiment, but as an all-comprehensive condition of the soul, diffused throughout the whole family of mankind. Love, it is said, never ceases to exist, and this sufficiently proves that it must be directed towards objects which are themselves imperishable and everlasting; and that it must be so intimately connected with the heart, that it can never be separated from it under any circumstances or mode of existence."

To satisfy Charlotte's inquiries, Humboldt described to her his family circle, speaking of his wife in the tenderest terms. "We have now been married for thirty-one years, and our happiness is as complete as at first. Our eldest daughter does not wish to marry, but prefers living with us; and we should certainly be very unwilling to part with her after she has been so long with us." Speaking of his great pleasure in contemplating the stars, he says,—"My wife sympathizes in this as in almost every other of my inclinations." Indeed, in respect to marriage the old philosopher retained to the last what is sometimes depreciatingly spoken of as "the *romance* of youth." Madame Humboldt died six years before her husband; he thus expressed himself afterwards to Charlotte:—

"I have been happy for long years by the side of my wife, in great measure through her means,—at least the thought of her has mingled with every real enjoyment. This happiness, the course of nature and the ordinance of Providence have taken from me, and without the possibility of return. But the remembrance of the dead, and the life we have spent together, can never be taken from me. There is happily something that man can retain when he will, and over which fate has no power. In retirement and solitude I can live over again in this remembrance, and shall never complain of unhappiness."

In another letter of the same year he says:—

"I can perceive that my mind is gradually and almost unconsciously becoming more reconciled to the event in life,—which has unfortunately occurred earlier than the usual course of circumstances would have led me to expect. Such a feeling of reconciliation should in my opinion be acquired by every man, and the effort for its attainment must be entirely his own. There is no rule of wisdom—no work done by others, that can save him the earnest struggle. This frame of mind is frequently attained only after much suffering, both physical and moral; but in this consists that true resignation to the appointments of Providence, which I consider the first and highest duty of man. Dwelling upon the present period of my life, there is no longer any clinging to individuals or to the world; but a kindly forgetfulness of self, a disposition to sympathize and to *give* pleasure in every possible way, are more predominant feelings, inasmuch as there is less inclination to *receive* pleasure,—at least that is not the great object. . . . I never thought it possible that there could be an imaginary compensation for a real loss; and now that the lot has really fallen upon me, I feel it to be true. Yes, I perceive with great joy that the true and proper influence which such a loss must have, is more fully and powerfully developed with time,—as the night grows deeper, the longer it lasts. The enjoyment which one experiences at the darkness of night,—and of which I have always been very susceptible—is very like this feeling. One is alone, and wishes to be alone; one expects nothing from without, and a double life reigns within;—day has been, and day will return."

Those beautiful passages, which we are even too much tempted to multiply—will give some idea of that mind which imparted so cheering and so sustaining an influence to the lonely Charlotte.

In the year 1828, Humboldt travelled from Berlin to Paris and London, and on the way he spent a short time with his long-unseen correspondent at her cottage at Cassel. The interview appears to have given both parties much satisfaction. "I greatly value the opportunity of having been personally with you," wrote Humboldt; "it has given me a vivid conception of your life, not to mention the delight of having again seen you. You enjoy a cheerful and comfortable solitude, and everything about your little dwelling, as well as your garden, strikes one at the first arrival."

These kind letters were continued to the very last; the latest having been written on the 28th of March, 1835, only eleven days before Humboldt's death. The exercise of writing was felt by him for many years as wearisome; and some years before his death he asked Charlotte's consent that he should use the Roman instead of the German characters adding, with his great consideration, that if unpleasant to *her*, he would still pursue the old style of writing. About a year before his death he asked her congratulation on the improved plainness of his handwriting; he had gained "a victory over his hand by firm determination," and returned to the handwriting of a child! "This sudden change from painful indistinctness to large plain writing," says his correspondent, was surprising and very affecting:" it must have been the effect of the most zealous wish to continue his kind office. These letters were preserved by Charlotte as her most precious treasure; during

leisure which she enjoyed in her latter years, she was enabled to enter more deeply into their spirit; she began to make MS. extracts for her friends,—she was at length induced to write out and publish those extracts. We thank her for the legacy which she has thus left to the world; we honor her for not omitting some passages which contain gentle upbraidings; and we respect her much the more for not having interwoven any sentimental autobiography.

There are two translations; but that published by Hall is very much abridged, and omits several letters of great interest, essential to the full understang of the situation of the parties, as well as others, which refer to books and authors of note.

We copy by request the following excellent report of a Meeting at Lawrence, Mass., from the *Lawrence Courier*:

☞ A friend of ours, a Whig at heart, and of course a friend of the abolition of involuntary servitude except for crime—but wearing during the last Presidential struggle the complexion of a Buffalonian—attended the late Anti-Slavery Convention in this town, and thus dotted down the proceedings, mixing, undoubtedly, here and there, a little of his own impulsiveness into the dish for seasoning. He has probably omitted to condemn the more prominent errors of his friends, Garrison and others, but the reader will have sense enough to do so as he falls upon them in his reading.

OLD ORGANIZED ANTI-SLAVERY.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society was convened at Odd Fellows Hall, in Lawrence, on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15.

James N. Buffum, of Lynn, was chosen President.

Eliza J. Kenney, of Salem, and Benjamin A. Stevens, of Lawrence, were appointed Vice Presidents.

Secretary—Mrs. Ruth Buffum, of Lynn.

The Convention was in session during the afternoon and evening, and very spirited addresses were made by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, and Lewis Ford, of Abington. Mr. Garrison spoke to a resolution arraigning the American church and government as being eminently pro-slavery in sentiment and action, and deserving only of unmitigated condemnation by Christian Abolitionists.

An additional batch of resolutions were offered in the evening by a Free Soil Clay *outsider* from Haverhill, complimenting Mr. Garrison very highly for his devotion to the cause of abolition, and also asserting, with considerable vehemence, that Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was deserving of the sympathy and respect of the friends of Anti-Slavery, for 'standing up solitary and alone among the eminent men of Kentucky, and uttering the *certain* sound which will inevitably hasten the annihilation of the "peculiar institutions" in that State'—earnestly entreating him to add to the power and enthusiasm of his great name by emancipating his slaves, and 'uniting his efforts with Garrison for its universal abolition—and in the glowing language (says the resolution) of the honest Quaker poet of the Merrimack, John Greenleaf Whittier, 'higher glory' will inevitably 'wait upon the Western patriot's future fame.' The resolutions in question further referred to Mr. Clay and the festival which is annually held in New York, by his warm-hearted admirers, in honor of his birth-day, and recommended that the Abolitionists, the devoted friends of Mr. Garrison, should 'get up a republican and appropriate festival, at Newburyport in honor of the 45th birth-day of Wm. L. Garrison, the pioneer of American Anti-Slavery, which would occur on the 10th of December, 1850.' Mr. Clay was also commended in the resolutions for his efforts, in times past, in behalf of the protection of Northern labor. The series were concluded by a strong Free Soil one, endorsing the conduct of the Free Soil Representatives in Congress.

Mr. Buffum opposed the resolutions in a very gentlemanly but condemnatory manner. Mr. Garrison, with much propriety and modesty, disclaimed any superior credit in the course which he had felt it his duty to pursue in behalf of the slave. Mr. Buffum suggested that the mover withdraw the resolutions. On motion of the Free Soiler who offered them, they were laid on the table, with the exception of the last, which was 'placed in the orders of the day.' The meeting then adjourned to the next morning.

On Sunday, the Convention continued its session. Mr. Garrison occupied the chief part of the forenoon in one of the most logical and eloquent speeches we ever listened to. His subject was the pro-slavery character of the American church, which, by analogy and by Scripture, he proved to be corrupt and time-serving—in alliance, hand and heart, with Christless and diabolical slaveholders and their apologists. Just before the Convention adjourned, Frederick Douglass, the eloquent colored orator, who had been announced to be present, but whom the people had almost given up expecting, made his appearance, and was received with much gladness. Mr. Douglass had come from Rochester, N. Y., on purpose to be present with his old Essex County friends, whom he had been unable to be present with for a long while previous. He had missed the train of cars leaving Rochester, and had made a miss of it all the way, so that he could get no further than Reading on Saturday night, and on Sunday had to take a private carriage and come to Lawrence; because, said he, 'whenever I promise, I will always perform, if I'm able.' This was the substance, if not the exact expression, and it is a glorious one. The people of Lawrence and Essex cannot but admire his good spunk in riding between twenty and thirty miles, through a drizzling rain, to fulfil the engagement which we had made. We wish Mr. Phillips might have honored the people of Essex in like manner. Much disappointment was felt at his absence.

In the afternoon, Mr. Douglass addressed the Convention in a speech replete with eloquence and ability. He argued and endorsed the resolution of Mr. Garrison, as being excellent and timely. Mr. Garrison followed in a short speech.

In the evening, Mr. Garrison made some very interesting remarks, in his usually vigorous and earnest manner. He stated, in the course of the evening, that he was in Pennsylvania not long since, and heard an honest old Quaker of ——, state to a public meeting that he (the Quaker) had, by his own personal efforts, or rather, he had assisted, by means of the 'underground railway,' as it is termed, in absconding from their masters over 1600 slaves, and that but two of this number had been recaptured. He also stated that, on the borders of Pennsylvania, in the slave State of Maryland, where there used to be a large population of slaves, there were but five remaining in limbo, and two of them were about to take shank's mare, or leg bail, and *runaway with themselves*. Land on that border which used to sell for eight or ten dollars, now brought thirty dollars and upwards, showing very naturally and irresistibly the superiority of free territory, occupied by free men, over that of the *same* territory occupied by slaves.

Two fugitive slaves were present at the meeting, (we refer now to the Essex Convention,) one a little white boy with scarcely a tinge of color about him, hair perfectly straight, and a countenance of a bright and very prepossessing character, and his uncle, a bright mulatto who had first purchased his mother—a noble act, which should for ever immortalize that young man—and then had redeemed himself from bondage, by purchase. This young man has a sister, seventeen years of age, in Slavery, a beautiful girl, almost white, whose master has been offered one thousand dollars for her, because, in the infernal parlance of the South, she is considered a '*fancy girl!*' The master offers her to this brother for six hundred dollars, if paid in a given time; but if otherwise, she will be sent to the hellish shambles or harems of New Orleans. This matter has evidently some gleam of humanity in his breast, or he would sell her to the highest bidder. We trust this young man will not only raise the amount wished, but a great deal more, enough to give her a good education in New England, and, in due time, peradventure, a good *white* Yankee husband.

To return to the little boy. He was a slave in North Carolina, with his mother, and a little sister of seven years of age, as white as the mother and the boy, and the latter is so white, that Mr. Buffum stated that the high sheriff of this county, Mr. Sprague, of Salem, took him for his son; and he felt proud, or should have done so, if he could have claimed him as such. The mother is now residing in Boston, and we trust the State will protect her, *en masse*, should an attempt be made to return her to Slavery. The little boy had been sold on the auction block in the old North State, for four hundred dollars, and was son to be carried further South, to work out his life for some lazy taskmaster. The mother, with an intrepidity worthy of a Sparton matron, coupled, doubtless, with the most intense love for the son, and fear lest they might be caught, left their master to visit her mother. This was merely a ruse to get away. She took the cars at the first station she could, and passed through over the railroad to Washington, where her brother (the young man present at the meeting with his little slave nephew,) passed her through to Philadelphia. She had thus persevered, and had passed through the slave State of Virginia, the national slave capital at Washington, and the slave State of Maryland, without having the color of either suspected. The intrepidity, ingenuity and devotion of this woman is as remarkable as it is glorious, grand and heart-cheering to freemen. So heroic a woman and widow as this should never want for anything amongst us, and we trust she never may. We believe Mr. Buffum intends to educate the children with his own, at Lynn, and we know of no man in the country more worthy to have them in keeping. We hope they will live to gladden and bless him for it. Upwards of twelve dollars were collected for them during Sunday. We doubt not, if the collection had been taken on another day, a great deal more would have been obtained, as there are many people who do not have their pocketbooks about them on the Sabbath.

After this exhibition of the little fugitive, Mr. Douglass took the floor, and delivered one of the most magnificent speeches we ever listened to in any gathering of freemen, of any sort, moral or political. We have listened to some of John B. Gough's best efforts, and have been, with everybody else who has heard this celebrated temperance orator, entranced by his eloquence. But we never heard Gough, in his palmiest efforts, transcend the eloquence of Mr. Douglass on this evening. The audience was composed of people of various opinions, but there could not have been an intelligent person present who was not spell-bound. We regret exceedingly that we did not make some arrangements to report this speech. In fact, we anticipated nothing like it, though we expected much. We never heard Mr. Douglass before; we have, however, read a number of his published speeches: very grand ones, too. But none of them were like this. The latter portion of it, more especially, where he entered into an examination of the condition and character of his race in this country, was as logical and brilliant, both in matter and manner, as could well be conceived. He poured forth from a full heart, without doubt, a perfect torrent of burning, withering, scorching rebuke to this nation for their tyranny and prejudice to and against men of color. If possible, we hope Mr. Douglass will report this speech in his *North Star*, and we hope if he does so, he will send a copy of it to John Caldwell Calhoun, of the nation of South Carolina. He would be instructed in reading it, no doubt. If he could hear such a speech, and from a negro, too, one whose early life had been smothered in oppression, the man would be appalled; his knees would totter like his prototype's, Belshazzar, of old; he would see the handwriting on the wall, and so plain that he would loathe himself like Job, and cover himself with sackcloth and ashes. We doubt not if Douglass could obtain him for an auditor, and talk to him and of his race with the power he did on this evening, he would so essentially shame and mortify his arrant pride and arrogant opinions, that he would go into a fit of apoplexy or catalepsy, from which he would never recover; and with his death the power of the South would be disarmed, for we agree with Mr. Garrison, that Calhoun is the life, and the soul and strength of the one power which rules this nation.

The Free Soil resolution, in conjunction with two or three additional ones proposed by Mr. Garrison, was unanimously adopted. On motion of the Free Soil outsider from Haverhill, it was voted, that the hearty thanks of this Convention be presented to Messrs. Garrison and Douglass, for their able, earnest and eloquent addresses to the free people of Essex. The Convention then adjourned without day.

P. S. We ought to have observed above, that on the first evening, Mr. Edmond, a Scotchman by birth, made a short speech, recounting his experience of Southern life, as illustrated in a residence of several years in the empire of South Carolina, principally at Charleston, where he carried on business for a long while as a baker. He finally turned into a teacher and preacher, and for trying to instruct some slaves against the will of their masters, he received a coat of tar and feathers, which laid him prostrate several weeks on a bed of sickness. As soon as he recovered, he left the country, and is now travelling among the people of the North, where his rights of speech are protected, and we doubt not he will do good wherever he goes. He is a genuine, live Scot, no mistake—full of real grit and good humor.

I might also have remarked, that Mr. Garrison and Miss Kenney added much to the interest of the meeting by their singing, Douglass, by the way, wound up with a song—in which others joined, of course—'Come join the Abolitionists,' etc.

Miss Kenney presided over the Convention, a portion of the time, with much grace and dignity. R.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK: THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1850.

Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts A. S. Society.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Boston, on Wednesday, January 23d, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will probably continue in session the two succeeding days. The signs of the times are so auspicious for the friends of emancipation, that a large and spirited attendance on their part is confidently expected. Such are the facilities of railroad conveyance, every part of the Commonwealth ought to be well represented. We cordially invite our friends, beyond the limits of Massachusetts, to be with us on the approaching anniversary. The Slave Power is beginning to falter—fresh adherents are daily rallying around the standard of Liberty—and the cry of 'NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS' is causing the knees of the oppressor to tremble. We must press onward until our work is accomplished, the slave liberated from his chains, and the land purged from its stains of pollution and blood.

☞ All the meetings will be in FANEUIL HALL. Settees will be provided on the floor of the hall for the accommodation of the audience. It is expected that the Annual Report will be printed and ready for distribution at the opening of the session.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President*.

Edmund Quincy, *Secretary*.

Mass Convention at Syracuse.

It has been determined that a Convention *of the* Abolitionists *of the* State *of* New York *shall be held at*

Syracuse,

on TUESDAY the 15th of JANUARY, 1850.

The present aspect of National affairs in regard to the question of Slavery; the present position of political parties in relation to those affairs; the present relation which Abolitionists, who have preserved their faith inviolate, hold to those parties; and the relation which Abolitionists now sustain to each other and the cause, demand that such a Convention be held in this State; that it be held during the ensuing session of Congress; and that it shall represent the entire strength of that portion of our people who are hostile, not only to the extension of Slavery into new Territories, but to its existence anywhere: who are determined not only to resist its establishment on the Coast of the Pacific, or in the valleys of New Mexico, but are equally determined in its extirmination on the Atlantic Coast and in the valley of the Mississippi.

The events of the past year; the events of the passing week; the events, probably, which will signalize the present winter, appeal to all who assume to themselves the name of Abolitionist to arouse themselves, at once, to the work of making this the largest and most influential ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION that has ever been held in this State. The warning cry of

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS

and their abettors was never more needed than at this moment, and has never been so heeded as it will be in the present crisis.

Particulars of time, place, and probable continuance of the Convention, and names of the distinguished friends of the cause who will be present, will be given in future notices.

Convention at Syracuse.

We need not, we trust, remind our readers, in this State, especially, that the Convention at Syracuse commences on Tuesday of next week. It is gratifying to state that so far as we can judge from information gathered from various quarters a very strong feeling is excited in favor of the Convention, and there is a promise, on all hands, of its being an occasion of unusual interest, and destined to exercise a wide-spread and permanent influence upon the Anti-Slavery cause.—The attendance of delegates from the various towns in the central and western parts of this State, we have no doubt, will be very large, and their number will be increased, we presume, in no inconsiderable degree by members of the late and present Liberty party; the former drawn thither, perhaps, with the hope of finding a more stable platform than that whereon they were led, something after the manner of sheep to the slaughter, at Buffalo, and the latter, with the expectation it may be, that Mr. Gerrit Smith is to take captive, with his bow and his spear, the hosts of Disunion, and with a wish that they may be present to witness the surrender. The clash of arms that will probably take place beeween the champions of the only two Anti-Slavery parties now having a name to live, the Old Organizationists, and the new Liberty party, cannot fail to make the Convention a spectacle worth viewing.

We regret that we are not able to state, as we had hoped to do this week, who of our most distinguished speakers will positively be present at Syracuse. Various circumstances, however, controlling the movements of several individuals still render this matter uncertain. Philadelphia, will be represented by J. M. McKim and Mrs. Mott, but excepting them we have no encouragement to look for any others from that city. They, we trust, will not disappoint us. C.C. Burleigh has assured us of his intention to be present, and we look for a large delegation beside from Massachusetts. Both the Fosters and Parker Pillsbury will unquestionably be there, and we are encouraged to look for Francis Jackson and C. F. Hovey, also. Whether, W. L. Garrison, W. Phillips, and Edmund Quincy will be able to leave home is uncertain, but nothing but imperative circumstances will keep them from a Convention the success of which they have much at heart. Box Brown, whose story is so well known, we understand, means to be there, and will give the audience an opportunity both of hearing the story of his captivity and of seeing the instrument of his escape.

S. J. May, Frederick Douglass, and all others, we trust, in this State, who are known, or ought to be, in the Anti-Slavery cause will be certain to aid the Convention by their presence and counsels. But the list of those who, we are sure, will be upon its platform embraces power enough to insure the Convention being all that we hope and predict of it.

New Year's Eve. 1850.

This is the midnight of the century—hark!
Through aisle and arch of Godminster have gone
Twelve throbs that tolled the zenith of the dark,
And mornward now the starry hands move on;
"Mornward!" the angelic watchers say,
"Passed is the sorest trial;
No plot of man can stay
The hand upon the dial;
Night is the dark stem of the lily Day."

If we, who watched in valleys here below,
Tow'rd streaks, misdeemed of morn, our faces turned,
When volcan glares set all the east aglow,—
We are not poorer that we wept and yearned;
Though earth swing wide from God's intent,
And though no man nor nation
Will move with full consent
In heavenly gravitation,
Yet by one Sun is every orbit bent.—J. R. L.

The following correspondence which we find in Joseph Barker's paper, *The People*, will be read with interest by those who know him in this country:

November 3, 1849.

Dear Friend:—I heard yesterday that you had got home, and I was afraid that something was amiss that you had returned so soon. I hope it is not so, but that all are well. I have not read the whole of your American communications, but as far as I have read, I thought you had made up your mind to be pleased with everything you saw in America, and displeased with everything you had left behind, unless it was with Mrs. Barker, &c. And after all, they are a precious set of quacks, or they would get shot of that damned spot, Slavery. Is this one of the stars in their star spangled banner of freedom? If it be, it is high time it was eclipsed; and if St. Louis be a fair sample of American city morality, then are American cities perfect hells, and American morality all humbug.

I am, dear Friend, yours, &c., ———

ANSWER.

My Dear Friend:—I did *not* make up my mind to be pleased with everything I saw in America. I made up my mind to nothing but to see how matters stood in America, and to tell the result with all truthfulness: this I have done. I *was* pleased with *most* that I saw, and had every good *reason* to be pleased. But I was *not* pleased with *all* that I saw. I was not pleased with the smoking, chewing, drinking, and eating habits of many Americans. Nor was I pleased with their method of farming in the Western States. Nor was I pleased with O'Connor's lands in Virginia. Much less was I pleased with what I saw of American Slavery, or American prejudice against color. There were *many* things which I saw with which I was not pleased. But with the country *generally* I *was* pleased. I was pleased with its richness of soil, and not *dis*-pleased with what I experienced of its climate. I was pleased with its free institutions, and with the delightful and beneficent influence of those institutions. I was pleased to find that working men had every opportunity of doing well in America. You would *yourself* have been pleased with *these* things.

I did not visit St. Louis, but from what I have heard, I should conclude that it is *not* a sample of America with respect to morality. St. Louis is rather a sample of that aristocratic kind of society which first cursed the American Continent with the Slavery abomination, and which still curses Great Britain and Ireland by its horrible selfishness and inhumanity. St. Louis is a Slave Mart, and is regarded with as littte sympathy by the masses of the Americans, as the House of Commons, the House of Lords, the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and other aristocratic Hells, are regardad by the masses of Great Britain and Ireland.

I have the happiness to inform you, that the Republicans of America are likely, shortly, to put an end to American Slavery, or else leave the aristocratic slave-holding States to themselves.

I am also glad to inform you, that I have *not* returned to England so soon in consequence of any disaster or affliction in my family, but simply in consequence of having accomplished the object of my visit to America somewhat sooner than I expected.

My wife and children join me in kind regards to you and your wife and children. With thanks for all your kindness, and with feelings of perfect toleration of your sly and biting wit,

I am yours, very respectfully and affectionately,

Joseph Barker.

Thomas Carlyle on the West India Question.—We need not call attention to the extracts on the first page of this week's paper from an essay on the West India question recently published in *Frazer's Magazine* by Thomas Carlyle, and the able review of it from the (London) *Inquirer*. The Oxford, (England) correspondent of the *Independent* of this city well says both of the Essay and the Rejoinder: "Mr. Carlyle has now out-Carlyled himself. In the last number of *Frazer's Magazine* he has run a muck, not at the West India idlers who "root," or rot at ease at Bath, Brighton, Cheltenham, London, Paris, Vienna;—not at the cunning and dishonest "attorneys" who have "managed" the estates from the absentee owners into their own possession;—not at the men who valued the labor of the negro at 8s. per diem, and made him pay for himself at that rate, and so taught him to ask high wages;—not at these but at the poor negro has the heroic hero-worshiper run a muck; raving and scolding like a Billingsgate virago; and telling the negro he must and shall yet be a slave! I commend to your notice a most eloquent remonstrance and refutation in the *Inquirer*."

We trust there is not enough of the pro-slavery spirit in England to pardon to Mr. Carlyle his sin of Chartism for this attempt to bolster up the affairs of the West India planters, which the Act of Emancipation only hastened to a settlement. How striking the contrast between this man and that other English reformer and chartist, the single-minded and upright Joseph Barker, a letter from whom we publish in another column.

Governor Johnson of Pennsylvania on Slavery.—The Governor of Pennsylvania in common with the Governors of the other States touches upon Slavery in his Annual Message to the Legislature. He embodies the popular Northern doctrine upon the subject in a few comprehensive words, one which would certainly satisfy the South that she has nothing to fear for her cherished social system, did she not know that underneath these official declarations lies a spirit to which official personages bear the same relation that the weather-cock does to the weather. Governor Johnson says:—

"On the application for the admission of new States into the Union, the subject of the extension of Slavery will claim the attention of Congress. Our Southern brethren united by long association and habit with this institution and depending upon it in a large degree for their domestic comfort and commercial advantages, will not willingly allow of its exclusion from territories belonging to the general government. No disturbance is contemplated of their relations therewith, in States where it now exists. Holding their slaves by compromise and concession, it would involve on our part a breach of faith and an interference with the sovereignty of sister republics, to intermeddle with their social policy, or to controvert the legality of their domestic relations. Whatever injury may by inflicted on Northern interests from the jealousies incident to the existence of the institution and the efforts to prostrate free labor, a sacred regard for our pledged faith admonishes us to suffer, rather than attempt reformation where our authority will not be acknowledged. The extension of the evil beyond the present limits discloses a very different feature. The consent of the free States of the Union to its further progress would evince an ignorance of their true interests, of the rights of justice and humanity, and an indifference to the character and dignity of their common country. When these are implicated, it is an abandonment of duty to compromise."

The Governor of Maryland on the Wilmot Proviso.—Governor Thomas of Maryland thus delivers himself on the 'dark and baleful spirit of Abolitionism,' as he is pleased to call that of the Wilmot Proviso—a spirit, by the bye, we may observe in passing, which seeks to abolish nothing, but aims to prevent the abolition of laws prohibiting Slavery:—

Upon the subject of the federal relations between the North and South, Governor Thomas says:—"Resolutions of the Legislatures of the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Missouri, New Hampshire and Vermont, in relation to the subject of Slavery in the territories of the United States, are herewith transmitted, and will be found to present the true issues between the Northern and Southern sections of the Union upon that dangerous and threatening question in a manner that cannot fail to commend itself to your most thoughtful consideration, and to elicit a solemn declaration of the policy which Maryland will feel bound to adopt should a choice of alternatives be precipitated upon her. The dark and baleful spirit of abolitionism which has hitherto contributed so fearfully to alienate the affections of the people of these States, to disturb the harmony and to endanger the permanence of the Union, is still progressing in its mad career, unmindful of the compromises which alone imparted vitality to the constitution, and regardless alike of the admonitions of patriotism, the dictates of justice, and the equal and undeniable rights of all the members of this confederacy. Concealing its lust for political power under the specious garb of an enlarged philanthropy, while luxuriating upon the labor of the slave, it wages unceasing and relentless warfare against the rights of his master. What was once considered and treated as an important faction of wicked or deluded fanatics, from the very impunity which a cautious forbearance too often affords, has now assumed the character of a formidable sectional organization, resolved, unless the signs of the times are strangely deceptive, not only to appropriate to its own exclusive use the common property of the United States, but by forcibly depriving the Southern States of all participation in its enjoyment, to disgrace and degrade them from an equal rank with the other States of the Union. The constitution of the United States recognizes, without limitation the institution of domestic Slavery, guarantees its existence, and vindicate the right of the owner to the possession and service of the slave; and it cannot be doubted that if the power now claimed to be exercised by Congress to prohibit the emigration of the people of the slaveholding States, with their property and effects of all kinds, to any territory owned by the United States, had been asserted at the time when the constitution was submitted for ratification to the States, that instrument would not have been adopted, nor could the Union have ever been formed. If the Union of the States can only be preserved by an unconditional surrender of clear constitutional rights secured to its members; if the federal government, instead of a system of liberty, equality and law, is to be perverted into an engine of force, oppression and fraud, then, indeed, has the day arrived, when the South, at least, must pause in sorrow and anguish, to calculate its value. The crisis, though impending, is not yet come, and the evil hour of disunion, so much to be deprecated, may, it is devoutly to be hoped, be forever averted. Non-intervention is all the South has ever asked, and, however reasonable the request, it has been, more than once, coldly, if not indignantly, refused. The time for reason and argument seems to have gone by, and the perpetuity of this mighty republic, with all the countless blessings which it is capable of imparting, must now rest upon the firm, united, temperate, but determined action of the Southern States; and to this end, it is believed to be the duty of the representatives of the people of Maryland, to reflect the sentiments of their constituents by the solemn declaration, in advance, of the unalterable determination of this State, in the event of the passage by Congress of the "Wilmot Proviso," or any similar scheme, to make common cause with the South, and to resist to the end the execution of a measure so palpably violative of her rights, and so pregnant with injustice, disgrace and degradation.

☞ We find in the *Boston Courier* the following letter from our associate, Mr. Lowell. We cannot help doubting, however, that his suggestion will meet with popular favor. It is a cheap charity that receives exiled patriots with public dinners, nor do we look for much more substantial sympathy than words from a people who have repudiated their duty as men and as Christians to those who, in their own borders, have fallen among thieves. We wish nevertheless that Mr. Lowell's appeal may meet with a response. He says:

What shall be done for the Hungarian Exiles?

While the late Hungarian movement was going on, it was a matter admitting honest differences of opinion. There were some who thought it wise and right, some who thought it foolish and wrong, but I have heard of few who doubted the sincerity or the patriotism of those engaged in it. A number of these brave men have escaped to America, and it is likely that more will follow. What was before a question of opinion, has become now plainly one of duty. Something ought to be done for these men, and what should that something be?

There were many of us who, not thoughtlessly or hastily, espoused the Magyar cause. We had small doubt that the world would profit by the raising up of a half-strangled province into a free and energetic nation. We considered that order springs from the law of harmonious developement, that it is the natural balance and gravitation of mutually-related activities, and that the state resulting from forcible compression is not conservation, but stagnacy and death. We trusted securely, therefore, that the cause of order would be strengthened by the independence of a people habituated to respect constitutional forms,—forms many centuries old, but which proved their vitality by a tendency to adapt themselves to the requirements of the time.

We accordingly gave to the struggling Magyars sympathy, remarkable at least for quantity, but whose quality remained to be tested. Sympathy is an excellent thing, and certainly does good to the person who gives it. In ruder times it found ruder ways of showing itself. Its wont was to case itself in mail, put itself in the saddle, and make itself felt by point of lance in a very sensible and practical manner. Now-a-days it is a more etherial substance, but now as then, it has a metallic base. After evaporation the true tining always leaves a residuum, formerly of iron, now of gold. Shall we be content that ours leave behind it an epitaph of ungenuineness in a few stale phrases and a shred or two of fustian?

These Hungarian exiles have sacrificed everything. What we have dreamed of self-devotion we have done. While our blood has been warming in the chimney-corner, theirs has been baptizing the battle-grounds of Freedom; and let us remember that Concord Fight had been none the less heroic, though it had preluded defeat instead of empire. Receptions in City-Halls are very well, and the jaws experience no mean satisfaction in masticating dinners to the honor of the unfortunate brave. But these are not welcomes becoming a great people—a people, which, beyond all other, combines enthusiasm with common sense. These are no ordinary emigrants. They are exiles whose feet might add a new consecration to the Rock of Plymouth.

If all those Americans who sympathized with the Hungarian movement when it bid fair to succeed, should contribute but a dime each, a sum would be established sufficient to put all those Magyars who reach our shores, beyond the need of charity, which is commonly shorter-lived than want. Alms are for beggars, but to heroic men every one of us owes a debt. Despotism spends money freely—liberalism should not give only words. Our political parties have organizations and local committees already existing which might be made use of for the purposes of such a subscription. It is to be hoped that the national generosity needs only some such thread as this to crystalize round. Let it be emphatically a popular work of duty. Let all give something, and none give so much as to discourage others by comparison. Let the shares be put so low that every one may take stock in this National Debt. What way so noble of building monuments for Concord and Bunker Hill? Different nations pride themselves on distinctive national titles: why should we not earn for ourselves the beautiful Christian name of the Neighbor Nation by playing the Good Samaritan to whosoever has fallen among thieves?

J. R. LOWELL.

Mr. Wm. J. Brown has issued the following card intended for his constituents in Indiana.

Editors of the State Sentinel—Gentlemen: Enclosed is a card which I published in the *Union* in relation to the late contest for Speaker. It speaks for itself. I ask you to publish it with the speech of Mr. Wilmot.—It explains the circumstances under which I was voted for as speaker. I declared to the free-soil men that if elected, I would appoint Committees on the judicary, the District of Columbia, and on territories, of able and impartial members from both the north and the south, who would act fairly and not stifle the public voice, by refusing to report upon the important questions of Slavery that might be presented.

This declaration, made in good faith and all candor, has been denounced by southern men as treachery of the blackest character. From this charge I appeal to my constituents, and to the freemen of the northern States. Ought I to have acted otherwise? I had rather been defeated with the vote I then received, than elected under a pledge to pack the committees for the benefit of the slaveholding interest of the south. But the time has come when the north will no longer bow the neck to the slaveocracy of the south. I am done. She cannot be satisfied with a moderate and conservative support, but you must become the defender of her institutions.

If you doubt or falter, you are denounced as a traitor, and with a lordly arrogance you are told that they will dissolve the Union. Their course of conduct has fully determined me never again to be a candidate for Congress. My conscience tells me I have done right, and I know a generous and confiding constituency will sustain my course.

W. J. BROWN.

Resolutions on Slavery in the District and Territories.—Hon. George Geddes, the Whig Senator, from Onondaga, introduced the following Resolutions on Wednesday of last week in the New York Senate. It is rather taking the wind out of the sails of the Free Soil Senators for a Whig to move first in this matter. We do not see but that Mr. Stanton may consider his work done and go home, when he has given his vote on the Resolutions, for we doubt if we hear of any other Anti-Slavery work from him during the Session:

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That as the Federal Constitution was formed and adapted expressly to secure the blessings of liberty to the people of the United States and their posterity, our Senators in Congress are hereby instructed and our Representatives are requested to use their best efforts to procure the passage of laws that will effectually and forever put an end to the slave trade in the District of Columbia.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the determination indicated by the Governor's Messages and the resolutions of the Legislature of various of the slave-holding States and by the Representatives of such elected in Congress to extend domestic Slavery over the Territory acquired by the late treaty of peace with the Republic of Mexico, we feel bound to oppose by all constitutional means, and our Senators in Congress are hereby instructed, and our Representitives requested to resist all attempts to yield to Slavery any part of such treaty, however small, and by whatever pretense of compromise.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the territory lying between the Neuces and the Rio Grande and that part of New Mexico lying east of the Rio Grande is the common property of the United States, and that our Senators in Congress are instructed and our Representatives are requested to use their best efforts to preserve the same as such common property, and to protect it from the unfounded claims of the State of Texas, and prohibit the extension over it of the laws of Texas.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the Legislature of the State of New York has learned with great satisfaction that the people of California have adopted a constitution which is entirely in accordance with the spirit of the free institutions of our country, and our Senators in Congress are hereby instructed and our Representatives requested to aid in the passage of such laws as may be necessary to admit that State into the Union.

Resolved, (if the Assembly concur,) That the Governor be requested to forward copies of the foregoing resolutions to each of our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

☞ We would gently whisper in the ear of our Garrisonian friends, that if it be desirable to have a general attendance of all classes of Abolitionists at their approaching State Convention at Syracuse, the ill-bred arrogance and insolence of the *Anti-Slavery Standard* will go far to defeat that object. It ain't a good way to get people to a convention, to commence insulting them. It is barely possible there may be as earnest Anti-Slavery men in the land as the writer in the *Standard*, who yet does not see precisely through his spectacles.—*Herkimer Freeman.*

The plain English of the above paragraph is, that the editor of the *Freeman*, whose Abolitionism came by the way of the late Liberty party, but had not stamina enough to make him a member of that which now claims an existence, is, at this moment, in the ranks of the Old Hunkers. Anti-Slavery men of that sort, however much they may be edified, will not be much gratified by what they may hear of men and things at the Syracuse Convention.

Among some errors of minor importance in the last *Standard*, one mistake certainly needs correcting, In the notice of 'The Whale and his Captors,' in the line 'those who *forget* to seek such spiritual consolation elsewhere'—for *forget* read *prefer*.

Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LIV.

The Argument.—*The Correspondent giveth the congratulations of the season.—He disserteth on hereditary habitudes.—He censureth Knickerbocker.—The Bazaar.—Its success.—Its Public.—Now and Formerly.—Garrison curseth the Constitution.—Grieveth away Custom.—The Correspondent denounceth him. And suggesteth his Immediate Abolition.—He praiseth the Weather.—The Grass-hopper.—The Evenings.—The Orators.—The Correspondent on one of them.—Mr. Phillips before the Mercantile Library Association.—The Audience.—The Place.—The Lecture.—The Effect.—Statistics of hanging.—The Moral Lesson failed.—Cox's Trial.—Mr. Morris.—Who admitted him to the Bar.—Mr. Dickens and Private Hanging.—The Correspondent thereon.—His reasons for Public Executions, if any.—His purpose in his own case.—&c., &c., &c.*

P. S.—*The Correspondent postscribeth.—His interview with Editor Quincy.—The Errata.—Friends and Fiends.—Dæmons, Deacons and Dreams.—The Old School Sexton and his Deacons.—The Corresponding Editor's position defined dæmoniacally and diaconally.—He defieth the foul fiend.—Other errata.—The Fredoniad, an Epic Poem.—Blood and Milk.—&c., &c., &c.*

Boston, Jan. 4th, 1850.

A Happy New Year to you and as many of them as you like! New Year's Day is not such a Festival with us as with you, but still it is one that can never pass by unheeded. Various attempts have been made from time to time, to introduce the New York custom of making it a day of universal interchange of visits and congratulations. But they have been all in vain, as any attempt to superinduce a habitude of any distinct national origin upon the hereditary customs of a community of a different derivation must necessarily be. Your New Year's Customs are an inheritance from the Dutch Ancestry, whom Knickerbocker has consigned to interminable laughter. I well remember the high displeasure felt towards that veracious historian by a venerable relative of mine, who had lived near a century in Manhattan, for the fun he had poked at the Dutch Dynasty. And I do not wonder at it. It was a misrepresentation of History the strict morality of which is as dubious as its wit is beyond dispute. But the keenness and brightness of the weapon that wounds us, either in one's own particular or in that of one's associations, is but a slender compensation to the sufferer for the smart, whatever it may be to the bystander.

The Bazaar closed last evening after a session of some ten days, and of very satisfactory success. The amounts had not been made up when I left the Hall, so I cannot state the precise result; but it is believed to be an advance on that of last year. This is doing extremely well, especially as the omission of the publication of the *Liberty Bell*, from unavoidable circumstances, for this year, must have made a difference of several hundred dollars. The attendance was very good throughout the time the Bazaar lasted, notwithstanding that Faneuil Hall stands rather aside from the walks of the fanciers of Fancy goods. It is amusing to observe the varying character of the Public that finds its market there.—Time was, (before the Bazaar took possession of Faneuil Hall, however,) when it was the fashionable lounge of a large class of ladies of the highest social distinction. But one day that impracticable Garrison took bell, book and candle, and cursed the Glorious Constitution under which we live from the crown of its head to the sole of its foot, and gave it over to its Father the Devil to be buffeted. And, unluckily, the Bell and the Book he chose for this Commination Service was none other than the *Liberty Bell!* So his fulminations coming to the knowledge of one of the gentlemen who own Boston and its inhabitants, the Decree went forth that the Bazaar was to be laid under an Interdict, which has not yet been taken off. Thus a large and valuable class of customers are prevented from coming to it, unless it be, Nicodemus-like, by stealth, when there is some pretty thing to be had there and nowhere else.—This is one of the many mischiefs that pestilent fellow hath worked to the Cause! These are some of the multitudes that he hath driven away in disgust by his ungovernable license of speech! I would suggest whether it would not be well to institute a Movement for his Immediate Abolition. To be sure, there is a remnant left that will come and buy, in spite of him; but I cannot but think that such a measure would be attended with good results.

The weather behaved better this year than it did last. Its conduct was not irreproachable, to be sure, but it was not marked by any of those "*grete outrages*" which brought such discredit upon it a year ago. There is reason to hope that it is feeling more and more the influence of the change in atmospheric temperature which the Anti-Slavery witches and wizards are working, and that the old Grass-hopper which shows the direction of the wind on the top of Faneuil Hall, (said to be Peter Faneuil's crest, by the way,) will yet point permanently in the right direction. The scene in the evenings was very brilliant. There was usually a large and animated attendance, and the brightness of the gas-lights, tempered by the redundance of ever-greens and reflected from the glittering tables, gave a fine effect to the scene. On several of the evenings there was public speaking. Mr. Phillips, Miss Stone, Mr. Pillsbury, Mr. Quincy, and perhaps one or two others took part in these services. They were generally well spoken of, but I cannot pronounce with what truth, since it was my lot to hear none but the last-named gentleman. And as for him, although I am not without a degree of personal regard for him, and although I entertain a tolerably good opinion of him in some respects, I have never been accustomed to rank him high among Anti-Slavery Orators. But perhaps I do him less than justice in this particular, especially as I have reason to believe that there are those that differ from me as to those other particulars I have just alluded to.

On Wednesday evening I went to hear the first-named of the speakers above enumerated, Wendell Phillips to wit, deliver one of the course of lectures of the Mercantile Library Association. The audience was an immense one, not far from Four thousand, I should judge, filling the Tremont Temple from Pit to Dome, as they used to say of it before it had been desecrated from a Play-house into a Meeting-house for Mr. Colver. Mr Phillip's subject was the "Method of Reform," which subject he treated with singular skill and felicity. The doctrines were of the most radical character, disavowing the State, the Church and the Press as the true Instrument of Reforming Social Abuses and Evil Institutions, and pointing to the action on the Popular Mind, as the only mode of purifying the Issues by the purification of their Source. An Appeal from the Philip drunk with political and sectarian excitement to the Philip sober with his second thoughts about him. But though the doctrines were thus unpalatable in themselves they were garnished with so much wit, and set off with such apt illustrations and apposite quotations, and fortified with such impregnable dialectics, and delivered with such oratorical grace, that nobody seemed to make up a wry mouth at them. The hearers seemed a trifle perplexed to know whether they ought to be pleased or not, and whether they might not commit themselves by undue demonstrations of applause. But they could n't help listening to every word of it, and they did. I never saw a more attentive auditory. He "held them by his glittering eye," and compelled their attention to what he had to say. He spoke without once recurring to his notes, standing in front of the audience unconcealed by the pulpit, and I need not say how much the effect of a public address is increased by the appearance, if not the reality, of its being an extemporaneous effusion.

Our criminal history in this State, since the execution of Goode, has been a curious commentary on the effects of Capital Punishment as a restraint upon crime. There have been some half-dozen persons tried for Capital offences since then and about as many more, I believe, are in gaol awaiting trial. One case is now before the Supreme Court in this City, which is the very double of Goode's case. A coloured man for stabbing another under an access of jealousy, in the public streets. So it would seem as if that great Moral Lesson had failed of its due effect on the very class upon which it might be thought calculated to make a wholesome impression, if on any. As if any man when tempted to raise his hand against the life of another, whether in a fit of passion or with deliberate premidetation, was ever deterred by the fear of the gallows! Justice if you choose to call it so, may be satisfied by Stated Hanging, but Prevention can never be secured by it. Mr. Robert Morris, the coloured counsellor at law, is one of counsel for Cox, the man now under trial, and I understand has distinguished himself by the ability with which he conducted the case. This gentleman has succeeded in a remarkable degree in living down the prejudice which oppresses his race, and is a daily proof that that prejudice is but the baleful shadow which Slavery projects, and that as soon as that ugly monster is removed from between the sun and us, its shade will disappear, too. His position, professional and social, also, is an emphatic reply to those who think, or say at least, that the Anti-Slavery Movement has effected nothing. It was William Lloyd Garrison and not Chief Justice Shaw that admitted Robert Morris to the Massachusetts' Bar.

By the way, what twaddle Dickens has been writing about the advantages of privacy to Neck-breaking! If Hanging be of any use to the individual subject or to the Public at large, surely the more people see it the better. If it be of its own nature so degrading as necessarily to brutalize every one that witnesses it, it is an excellent reason for abolishing the custom, but none at all for confining its influences to the jury of respectabilities which Mr. Dickens would substitute for the mob of rogues and prostitutes for whose spiritual welfare and intellectual taste he seems so anxious. Publicity is the only safeguard for Fair Play at the Gallows, as well as in the Court of Justice, and should be insisted upon for the same reason for both places. I am not clear, by any means, that the substitution of private for public executions, in England, would not hasten the day of the entire abolition of Capital Punishments. I do not believe John Bull would consent to have many men's necks broken within the four walls of a prison. If the question could be reduced to private executions or none at all. I imagine it would soon be settled in the right way. But still the absolute right lies in the other direction. If ever I am to be hanged I shall demand that it be done before Israel and the Sun. With which declaration of purpose I bid you heartily farewell.—D. Y.

Post Scriptum.—Since finishing and despatching the foregoing letter, it was my fortune to fall in with the Senior of your two Corresponding Editors, on whose Oratorical and other merits I have touched above. That worthy person desired me to draw your attention to one or two *errata* in his article, entitled "The Haunted House," in last week's paper. In the last paragraph, first line, "troublesome friend" should be "fiend."—Three lines below "a circle of skulls *haunted* the excursions, &c.," should be "*limited*." In the next sentence, "the wider circle of Thirty States affords a sufficient range for our *Deacon*," the latter word should be —(what think ye?)—Dæmon! Perhaps Mr. Maulins Sargent (the Old School Sexton of the Transcript) who has a list of some hundred and fifty drunken and rum-selling deacons, may think the correction superfluous. But the author, being sensitive as to anything that appears to reflect on the Church or any of its ornaments, is anxious that his position as to Deacons and Dæmons should be accurately defined. And then, again, it was a *Dæmon* and not a *dream* which Cornelius Agrippa's servant evoked in the paragraph but one preceding the last. A light-minded person present at my interview with the afflicted author, and who was not impressed with the gravity of the occasion, frivolously remarked that "your types seemed to have played the devil with his Dæmons!" The effect, however, may not be bad, as he vows and declares that he will henceforth eschew fine writing, and renounce the devil and all his works.—"Bless the honest man from the foul fiend!"

There are several other misprints such as "*Great* Sons" for *Giant* Sons" in the quotation from Milton, towards the end; "*exoteric*" for "*esoteric*" in the fourth paragraph, the second time it is used; "*exercised*" for "*exorcised*," in the first sentence of the article. &c." But the above are the most diverting. The Deacon "*erratum*" puts me in mind of one of two or three pages-full at the end of the Epic Poem, entitled "the Fredoniad," in twelve books, by Dr. Emmons, brother of Orator Emmons, called of men "*Pop*," which ran on this wise, Book 8, line 1589, for "*Blood*" read "*Milk!*"—D. Y.

Communications.

The Separation in the Methodist Church.

Dear Friend Gay:—Is it the ignorance or dishonesty of so many Methodists, ministers as well as others, which makes them persist in declaring, that there is neither slave territory, slaveholder, nor slave, in all the Northern General Conference! The audacity with which they make this assertion, (and so frequently too,) is perfectly shocking. Such a degree of blindness, *at this time*, even if it were blindness, would be as inexcusable almost, as if it were the result of the blackest depravity. It seems to me they must know better.

But to be certain, I went to-day to the "Methodist Book Concern," and procured a copy of the Edition of the "Discipline" published at the office of the Conference, 200 Mulberry street, and published since the separation, in which are given the boundaries of all the Annual Conferences composing the Northern General Conference, *and no others.* I was particular to enquire on this point, and cannot be mistaken. And besides, I had the office agents show me the older editions of the "Discipline," in which all the Conference boundaries are given, North and South, as before the separation, that the difference might be fully seen before I wrote.

The following extracts from the Discipline, page 149 to 156, determine the question:

"Western Virginia Conference shall include the whole of Western Virginia, and so much of the Western shore of Maryland as is not included in the Baltimore and Pittsburg Conferences.

"Missouri Conference shall embrace the States of Missouri and Arkansas, and the territory west and north of these States, extending to the Rocky Mountains, not included in Iowa Conference."

"Baltimore Conference shall include all that part of Virginia not embraced in the Ohio, Pittsburgh and Philadelphia Conferences, &c., &c.

"Philadelphia Conference shall include the Eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, the State of Delaware, &c. &c."

Pittsburg, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois Conferences, contain all of them more or less slave territory in Virginia and Kentucky.

Thus it will be seen by the highest *official documentary evidence* which can be furnished that, there are in the Northern General Conference eight annual Conferences, a part or the whole of whose territory is in the slaveholding States. And it is computed that there are in that part of the church, not less than four thousand slaveholders, and twenty-seven thousand slaves!!

If the facts here given relative to slave territory are questioned, let the Discipline of 1849 be consulted, and compared with other editions of an older date. Never have I seen so brazen a front as some Methodist clergymen wear, who boldly deny, point blank, that there is any connection whatever between the Northern Methodist Church and Slavery!

Yours for truth, whoever is made a liar,
PARKER PILLSBURY.

January 4th, 1850.

Free Produce.—Reply to "Alpha."...No. 3.

(*Concluded*)

"ALPHA" would like to amend my version of *Charge I.*, so as to have it read thus: "*In buying the products of the slave's robbery, you supply the motive of the robbery.*" He says—"You may supply the slaveholder with money without giving him a motive for slaveholding; and you may supply him with money which will give him the motive. For want of this distinction, our friend fancies a defect of consistency in our answers, whilst, with it, they are entirely coherent." *Ans.* Is it strange that I fell into such a fancy? Why did not "Alpha" originally make this nice but all-important distinction? Is it an after-thought, which has happily come to rescue him from unforeseen embarrassment? I know very well that money given to the slaveholder as *alms*, to relieve personal distress, would not supply him a motive for slaveholding. Nor have I supposed that money paid to him, as an equivalent for articles honestly acquired, independently of his slaveholding operations, belonged to the present consideration. I grant "Alpha's" distinction. But, so far as concerns the point at issue, that distinction is a *useless abstraction.* We are both contemplating *only* the *money* or *wealth* supplied to the slaveholder as a business man, for equivalents which he has acquired, directly or indirectly, by slaveholding operations. Of this nature are all transactions whereby the slaveholder acquires the pecuniary ability and facilities necessary to the prosecution of his business operations. If the capitalist loan him money, or the merchant purchase his cotton, or the common trader buy foreign goods of him which he obtained in exchange for his cotton, or any one pay him cash for articles possessed by means of slaveholding, the *effect* is the same, and the *principle* is the same. Is not this perfectly obvious to unsophisticated minds? Yet "Alpha" will not admit it. He insists that buying the slaveholder's cotton gives him "THE" money which is his motive for slaveholding, but that loaning him capital, or purchasing his foreign goods obtained in exchange for cotton, does *not* supply "THE" money which is his motive for slaveholding! Buying his cotton is a great sin. Buying his foreign goods obtained in exchange for cotton, and loaning money to be used in multiplying his human cattle, are innocent business transactions! I can hardly expect to discover, till my eyes shall have been annointed with the *eye salve* of Free Produce scrupulosity, that such distinctions as these have any moral foundation. If "Alpha" knew how extremely puerile his special pleading on this point appears to the uncircumcised, doubtless he would forgive every expression made which seems to imply a foregone conclusion against his demonstration.

He farther argues:—"Our giving to a pirate money simply, without its being in consideration for his piratical goods, does not make him a pirate in continuance, &c.—But suppose this "*money simply*" is furnished him as a loan, say $10,000 to *purchase, equip* and *man* a new pirate ship; or suppose it be $3,000, paid to him for a city house-lot, which the pirate had just obtained in exchange for a quantity of his piratical goods; what *then?!* Here is the puzzling point, and I must hold "Alpha" to it, till he either *amends* or *renounces* his peculiar ethics.

"Alpha" denies tacitly admitting, in Answer I. "that the slaveholder rightfully owns the houses, lands, stock, &c., which he invests in the business of production." Very well, I stand corrected. But *who* DOES rightfully own these things? He says—"We deem that at least three-fourths of the suggested rightful ownership of the slaveholder stands upon a very equivocal foundation." "*Very equivocal foundation!*" Divested of all *equivocality*, this must mean, that at least "THREE-FOURTHS" of what the slaveholder claims to own (exclusive of slaves and merchantable slave products) is substantially STOLEN PROPERTY! I am glad "Alpha" has at length discovered that there is no essential difference between *primary* slave products, as *he* has been defining them, and *secondary* slave products, as existing in articles obtained in *exchange* for *primary* ones. He has now only to discover that it is as *great a* SIN to buy the *secondary* as the *primary.* This discovery, if not too "*equivocal*," will bring us much nearer together on other points at issue.

In answer IV. the assertion was made "that neither in common law nor in common sense could a man be sustained in claiming the money for which a thing stolen was sold. His rights are in the thing stolen.' I questioned this, and insisted that a man's right in all such cases, is to restitution of *value* either in the identical article stolen, or in some *reparative equivalent*, as circumstances may render most practicable and satisfactory. I considered this a "common *sense*" view of the matter; but as to "common *law*," I was not well enough read to be so certain, and therefore called for authorities. Does "Alpha" adduce any? No. Why not? Because the definite article "THE" in his assertion, which he thinks I disregard, if allowed its intended weight, renders the quoting of authorities on his part unnecessary. He meant only that "THE" identical money received for the article stolen could not be claimed at common law,—not that *money, value*, a *reparative equivalent*, speaking without the definite article, could not be claimed. What do I care, or what does *anybody* care about "THE" *identical* money? We want the thing stolen, or its *value*, as circumstances render most practicable and satisfactory to all parties. Will common law sustain us in claiming the *value* of the thing stolen, in case *that* is what we prefer, or is the best we can get? Or does common law say—☞ take "THE *identical* article stolen, or *nothing.* ☞You have had a bale of cotton stolen; the man who stole it sold it, and has got the full value in silver watches; the cotton has gone to Europe and is being manufactured into *thread*, which will soon be scattered far and wide for sale and use. You cannot claim its *value*, now in the hands of the thief; your *only* right is in the COTTON; go hunt *that up*, or bear your wrong in patience!" If this is common *law*, the less we have of it the *better*. But I have always understood that common law harmonized with natural justice and *common sense*. I understood "Alpha's" language, taken in connection with his whole argument, to mean, by "*the money*," just what I meant by "*the value*."—not necessarily "THE" identical money received for the stolen thing!

—I must confess, I had not sufficient shrewdness to foresee that so large a camel could possibly be got through the eye of so small a needle! And, though I shall henceforth regard the definite article ["THE"] as one of the most talismanic words in our language, I must still insist that "Alpha" produce the authorities called for, or admit that he *cannot.* It is not right to bias the common mind by pretending to have such *legal* authority, unless it really exists; which I shall *believe* when I see it proved. As to the "doctrine of *damages*," with which I am supposed to have confounded the recovery of stolen property, it is quite another matter. We are concerned to know on the point here pending, *simply this*, whether a man's rightful claim for stolen goods is *exclusively* in the articles stolen, or alike in them and in *recoverable values* of *every description* possessed by the *criminal party.* "Alpha" affirms the *former*, I the *latter.*

"Alpha" sees no *flaw* in the doctrine, laid down in Answer V., that a thing once stolen remains *forever* stolen. Yet he adds, "Saying this, we may concede, very cautiously, that at some point of time the stolen goods may come into rightful use." This is "*very cautiously conceding*" that there *is* an *important* flaw in the doctrine laid down. It is conceding all I ask, except the precise point of limitation. This can be settled hereafter. *Who* will be found "*twisting with the robber*"—whether the *accused*, with their *stolen* cotton shirts and handkerchiefs—or the *accuser*, laying the flattering unction on the slaveholder's conscience, that, compared with such guilty patrons, he is comparatively an *innocent* man:—let the Judge of all the earth determine! As at present illuminated, I prefer to stand with the *accused* before that judgment seat.

"Alpha" thinks that in combatting what he said, in Answer VI., respecting prize goods and slave labor products, I am placing principles of natural law in "*obeyance* to human conventions, to which the slave is no party." He mistakes me. I have no fellowship with those wicked human conventions which *declare* (or *regard*) *men* as "chattels personal." I am not in compact with those who are confederated to uphold such conventions. Can "Alpha" say this for himself and all Free Producers? But I recognize *facts*, even the most *hateful*, and must speak of things as they *are.* Those "human conventions" which make and keep men *slaves*, make and keep them *non-proprietors*. This is a monstrous outrage on natural rights, but it is a *fact*. Why then obscure this horrible fact, and blunt the public sentiment, by falsely assuming that the slave is *still* a *proprietor*, deeply wronged by somebody's stealing his *property!* Why begin at the tail and expend both logic and moral indignation to no purpose on *cotton-theft* when our blows should fall thick and heavy on the *head* of the serpent ☞ MAN-THEFT! Let us begin at the beginning and call things by their right names, then we shall make a sure and good ending.

I do not sufficiently understand "Alpha's" *improvement* of Answer VII., to discover whether he has really amended it or not. There are too many *ifs* about it. If it concedes anything at all, the concession is so "*very cautiously*" made, that it stands on an "*equivocal foundation.*" I must therefore pass it over till pruned of some of its non-committalism.

As to trading with my fellow men, and patronizing those who specially deserve it, I stated positions which do not countenance at all the *no-dealing bigotry* of the Jews towards the Samaritans.

It now appears that the Hon. Isaac E. Morse, out of whose letter "Alpha" has endeavored to extract capital for *Free Producism*, is not so much "a cat rolled in meal" as an impudent pettifogger under fee by the slaveholders to clear them of all guilt by charging the whole of it on the "cupidity of the North." I feel the least possible respect for such *special pleading*, and can only regret that "Alpha" is in a state of mind to afford aid and comfort to such a bluster, by endorsing at all the soundness of his *self-justification*. Let us be careful not to flatter the *man-stealer* with the delusive notion, that his deliberate and systematic outrages on the natural rights of man can ever be palliated at the bar of divine Justice by pleading any *incidental* facilitation of his crimes.

Respectfully yours,
ADIN BALLOU.

Congressional.

We lay before our readers the following Report of Congressional proceedings, which contains all of any interest concerning the Slavery question since our last:

SENATE—WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.

A Message in writing was received from the President.

The VICE PRESIDENT announced the following Special Committee on the census—Messrs. Davis, of Mass., Underwood, Sturgeon, Barber and Shields.

Mr. Dickinson gave notice of a bill to establish a Branch mint in the city of New York.

Numerous memorials were presented and referred.

Mr. Mason gave notice of a bill to provide for the more effectual execution of the stipulation in the Constitution relative to the recapture of fugitive slaves.

Mr. Davis of Miss. introduced a bill providing for the establishment of a retiring list, for disabled officers of the army.

Mr. Cass gave notice that he would, to-morrow, ask the Senate to proceed to the consideration of his Resolution relative to the suspension of diplomatic intercourse with Austria.

Mr. Borland introduced a bill to divide Arkansas into two judicial districts.

Mr. Yulee gave notice of a bill providing a retiring list for disabled officers of the Navy.

Mr. Dickinson submitted the following resolution, which lies over.

Resolved, That the Postmaster General be requested to inform the Senate, whether by himself or his assistants he has at any time removed, or attempted to remove before the expiration of the term for which he was commissioned, by the appointment of a successor, or in any other manner, and how, any deputy Postmaster, or Postmasters, who held appointments under the President of the United States, made by and with the consent of the Senate, under and in pursuance of the laws of Congress entitled, "An act to change the organization of the Post-Office Department, and to provide more effectually for the settlement of the accounts thereof"—and, if any such removal, or removals have been made, or attempted, that he specify the number, the names of the officers, and the offices they held respectively; and also that he inform the Senate whether in his own name, or that of either of his assistants, and which of them he has appointed, or claimed the authority to appoint, or attempted to appoint, persons to fill the vacancies thus created, and issued to them letters of appointment, commissions, or either, and which of them; and whether more than one of each, or either, was issued to the same appointed, and to whom, or to what office or offices, and the reasons therefor; and that a copy of such letters of appointments and commissions be furnished, if in his power, and if not, the substance thereof, including names, dates and signatures; and further, whether he has attempted, and by what means, to enforce any such removal; and if such power of removal and appointment, or either, have been exercised or attempted; that he further inform the Senate, under and by nature of what authority of law the same has been done, or the right claimed.

Mr. Soule submitted a resolution of inquiry relative to the probable expense of deepening the northern pass of the Mississippi River. Adopted.

Mr. Bell submitted a resolution, inquiring into the expense of repairing the breach in the dam at the head of Cumberland Island, in the Ohio River. Adopted.

Mr. Phelps, from the Committee on Finance, reported back the joint resolution suspending for a time the law limiting the expenses of collecting revenue, with sundry amendments, and moved that the bill be made the special order for to-morrow. Agreed to.

Mr. Jones introduced a bill, granting a quantity of land to the State of Iowa, to aid the construction of a railroad from Dubuque to Keokuk.

Mr. Douglass introduced a bill, granting the right of way and a donation of public lands, to aid in the construction of the Central Railroad.

Mr. Atchison introduced a similar bill in behalf of a Railroad from Hannibal to St. Josephs, Mo. Also presented numerous memorials and resolutions of the Legislature of Missouri on various subjects. Also the resolutions of said Legislature on the subject of Slavery, and instructing their Senators to vote against the adoption of the Wilmot Proviso principle, which were read.

Mr. Benton said, this is the proper time for me to say what I believe to be the fact, that these Resolutions do not represent the sentiments of the people of Missouri. They are a law-abiding and a union loving people, and I have no idea of entering into a combination to resist or intimidate the legislation of Congress. The General Assembly has mistaken the sentiments of the State in adopting these Resolutions; and many members who voted for them, and the Governor who signed them, has since disavowed and repudiated them. I do not intend to discuss these Resolutions at this time. That discussion is no part of my present object. I speak of the pledge which they contain, and call it a mistake, and say that whatever may be the wishes of or opinions of the people of Missouri, on the subject of the extension of Slavery to the Territories, they have no idea of resisting any act of Congress on the subject. They abide the law when it comes, be it what it may, subject to the decision of the ballot-box and the Judiciary.

I concur with the people of Missouri in this view of their duty, and believed it to be the only course consistent with order, and the intention of our Constitution; and the only one which can save the Union from the fate of all the Confederacies that have successively appeared, and disappeared, in the history of nations. Anarchy among the members, and not tyranny at their head, had been the rock on which all such Confederacies have split. The authors of our present form of Government knew the danger of this rock; they endeavored to provide against it. They formed a Union, not a League, a Federal Legislature to act on persons, not upon States, and they provide practicable remedies for all the questions which could arise between the people and the Government. They provided a Federal Judiciary to execute Federal laws, when found to be constitutional, and popular elections to repeal them, when found to be bad.

They formed a government in which the law, and the popular will, and not the sword, has to decide questions; and they looked upon the first resort to the sword for the decision of such questions as the death of the Union. The old confederation was a league with a Legislature, acting on Sovereignties, without power to enforce its decrees, and without union, except at the will of the parties. It was powerless for government, and a rope of sand for union.—It was to escape from a tottering government that the present Constitution was framed, and no less than ten numbers of the *Federalist*, from the 10th to the 20th, were devoted to the defects of the old system, and the necessity of a new one. I will read some extracts from these numbers, the joint production of Hamilton and Madison, to show the difference between the League which we abandoned, and the Union which we formed; the dangers of the former, and the benefits of the latter. That it may be seen that the resolutions of the General Assembly of Missouri, if carried out to their conclusion, carry back this Union to the league of the confederation, make it a rope of sand, and the sword the arbitrator between the Federal head and its members.

Mr. Benton here read the extracts from the *Federalist*, first, on the difference between the confederacy and the union of the States; second, of the destruction of the Union when the sword is drawn between its members and their head; third, of the advantage and facility of working the federal system, and its peaceful, efficient and harmonious operation; of the federal laws as made to operate upon citizens directly, and not upon States; fourth, on the ruinous effects of civil wars among the members of a Republican confederacy, and their disastrous influence to the cause of civil liberty throughout the world.

Mr. Benton said, it was to get rid of the evils of the Old Confederation, that the present Union was formed; and, having formed it, its founders undertook to make it perpetual; and, for that purpose, had recourse to all the sanctions held sacred among men—commands, prohibitions and oaths. The States were forbid to form compacts or agreements with each other. The Constitution, and the laws made in pursuance of it, are declared to be the supreme law of the land; and all authorities, state and federal, legislative, executive and judicial, were sworn to support it. The resolutions which have been read contradict all this, and the General Assembly mistook the sentiments of the people of Missouri, when they adopted them.

This is all I shall say at present. I made no objection to the reception, or printing, of these resolutions. The objection at present is, to make and declare the two points; first, that the General Assembly mistook the sentiment of the people of Missouri, in adopting these resolutions. Secondly, that they mistook their own power in doing so.

Mr. Atchinson said, as no objection has been made to the printing of the resolutions, he had but one word to say, which was merely to express the opinion that the people of the State of Missouri, when the time arrives, will prove to mankind that every sentiment in the resolutions will be sustained by them.

A motion was made that when the Senate adjourn, it be to Monday next.

Mr. Phelps expressed the hope that the Senate would meet to-morrow, for the purpose of acting upon the special order—the resolution in relation to the expenses of collecting the revenue. It was exceedingly desirable and necessary that some immediate action on the subject should be had.

The motion to adjourn over was withdrawn.

Mr. Davis of Miss. thought the day fixed for the consideration of the joint resolution was entirely too near. It was an important subject, and greater time for its examination should have been given before the Senate was called on to act upon it.

Mr. Phelps was confident that the Senator from Miss. entirely misapprehended the object of the Resolution. It did not repeal any law, but entirely suspended its action until Congress should have time to examine the subject, and come to an intelligent conclusion thereon.

Mr. Davis replied that he had not mistaken the purport of the resolution.

It was, as he supposed, a proposition to suspend preparations to repeal a law which had been deliberately passed by Congress. He was surprised that gentlemen on the other side of the Chamber were so startled at this effort to curtail the expenses of a branch of the public service. Why would they not try the proposition, and prove whether or no the reduction could be made without detriment to the public service?

Mr. Dickinson also thought the time fixed for the consideration of the subject too short, and said he had consented in Committee to its being reported to the Senate, not with a view to such sudden action, but that it might be before the Senate, for its examination.

Mr. Hale renewed the motion to adjourn over to Monday. Lost.

Mr. Foote notified the Senate that he would, on Monday, call up his resolution providing that it is the duty of Congress, at this session, to provide Territorial Governments for Deseret, California and New Mexico.

Mr. Seward moved that Mr. Cass's resolution relative to suspending diplomatic intercourse with Austria, and Mr. Foote's resolution just referred, be printed. Agreed to.

Mr. Hale gave notice of an amendment to the latter resolution, adding thereto the words—

"Securing to the inhabitants of these Territories all the priviliges and liberties guaranteed to the citizens of the North West Territory by the ordinance of 1787."

His design was not to embarrass the senate, but he gave notice of his amendment, and moved its printing in order that senators might in advance, have an opportunity of considering his proposition. Motion to print was adopted.

Mr. Foote made a remark, (inaudible in the part of the chamber which the reporter occupied,) and closed with an expression of his desire to keep the yoke off the necks of *Freemen!*

Mr. Hale was very glad to find that himself and the Hon. senator agreed so well upon one point; that was the very object he desired to accomplish, to keep the yoke off the necks of freemen. He might, perhaps, misunderstand his friend from Mississippi, but if the same phraseology did not mean two things, he would say for himself, and those who agreed with him in opinion upon this subject, that they were glad to be assured of the able assistance and co-operatien in the great work which they were to receive from the senator from Mississippi. According to the phraseology, they both desired to break the bonds, and let the oppressed go free.

Mr. Turney presented a memorial from citizens of Tennessee, objecting to the employment of Chaplains by Congress, which was read.

Mr. Turney moved to refer it to the Committee on the Judiciary, and after a few remarks the memorial was laid on the table.

Mr. Bradbury presented a similar memorial, which was disposed of in the same manner. After a short executive session the senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

At ten minutes after one o'clock,

Mr. Boyd of Ky. asked the unanimous consent of the House, to refer to the Committee on Territories the constitution, and the memorial of the people of Deseret, praying to be admitted into the Union as a state, or that such other form of government may be extended to them as Congress may deem just. Also, the memorial asking that Mr. Babbitt may be admitted as their representative, with his credentials, showing his election under the broad seal. [Laughter.] He moved the latter be referred to the Committee on Elections.

Mr. Stephens objected, and called for the order of the day.

The Speaker announced this to be the election of officers. The first that of Clerk.

Mr. Barker asked leave to present the credentials of Hugh N. Smith of Sante Fé, New Mexico, containing evidence of the fact that he had been elected by the people of that Territory, if such it be, as a delegate to the House. He asked that they be referred to the Committee on Elections.

Objection being made,

Mr. Barker raised a question of privilege, that his credentials were now entitled to consideration.

The Speaker overruled the point. Nominations were then made for Clerk.

Mr. Ashmun nominated Thos. J. Campbell, (Whig,) of Tenn. the present incumbent.

Mr. Thompson of Penn. nominated Col. John W. Forney, (Loco) of Philadelphia.

Mr. Holmes nominated S. S. Governeur of N. Y.

Mr. Bingham nominated Benjamin B. French.

Mr. White nominated J. H. Clay Mudd, of Md.

Mr. Sacket nominated Philander B. Prindle of N. Y. Dernill Clark, Nathan Sargeant, Solomon Foote, and Benson, were also nominated. The House voted with the following result:

On the first trial 208 votes were cast, 105 necessary to a choice for Clerk. Forney received 98; Campbell, 77; Governeur, 5; J H Clay Mudd, 7; Benson, 2; Sergent, 3; C. W. Philles, 8; Clark, 2; Brindle, 4; Foote, 2.

On the second 106 were necessary to a choice. Forney received 104; Campbell, 81.

Mr. Evans, of Md., moved a call of the House.

The Yeas and Nays were taken, and decided in the negative, by the casting vote of the Speaker.

Mr. Evans then moved that the House adjourn. Lost: majority of 5 against it.

The object of the Whigs was to stave off the election till the absent Whigs returned to the city.

Mr. Schenck moved a call of the House; ordered by a majority of three.

Mr. Williams moved an adjournment; carried.

Messrs. Nelson, Reed, Phelps and Seddon appeared to-day, and were qualified.

New-York Legislature.

THE Legislature of this State commenced its session since our last numbers and after organizing, received the Message of Gov. Fish. As we have not room for the whole of this document we give an abstract prepared by the *Evening Post*, which embraces all its principal points:

FINANCES.—At the close of the fiscal year, ending on 30th of September last, the General Fund Debt amounted to

	$6,389,693 32
The Canal Debt	16,505,345 67
Total "direct" Debt,	$22,895,038 99
Toward the payment of which debt there was on hand.	
A surplus of the General Fund Debt Sinking Fund, of	$13,515 16
A surplus of the Canal Fund Debt Sinking Fund of	200,877 01
	$214,392 17

Included in the amount of Canal Debt as above stated is the sum of $90,822 which was payable prior to the close of the fiscal year, but had not then been presented for redemption. The interest on this had ceased from the time when it became payable; the funds for its redemption being on hand awaiting the call of the holders of the stock. Since the close of the fiscal year, $77,917 of this amount have been redeemed.

The revenue of the General Fund, exclusive of the annual appropriation of $200,000, from the surplus Canal revenues, made by the Constitution, and including a temporary loan to the Treasury of $15,000, was

(General Fund revenue)	$792 451 69
The Canal revenues were	3,412,906 62
Aggregate revenue,	$4,235,358 31

The payments on account of the General Fund during the year amounted to $842,228 49, leaving a surplus of the revenue on hand, on the 30th September, of $113,279 22.

The payments out of the Canal revenues were:

1. Expenses of collection, superintendence and ordinary repairs,	$685,803 91
2. Appropriations made by article 7. of the constitution, toward the sinking funds, and to defray the necessary expenses of the government,	1,860,000 00
Total payment,	$2,535,803 90

This amount of payments deducted from the canal revenues of the year, leaves the sum of $907,102 71 applicable to the completion of the Erie canal enlargement, the Genessee Valley and Black River canals.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.—The Enlargements of the Erie Canal, and the completion of Black River and Genessee Valley Canals, are progressing as rapidly as is consistent with the limited appropriations for those objects under the Constitution. In the spring of 1850, 122 6-10 miles of the enlarged structures will be in use; being an addition of 13 miles, and of 47 structures during the year.

Of the Black River Canal, 34 miles are finished, and ready for navigation, and will be opened for use with the other canals next Spring.

Of the Genessee Valley Canal, 36 miles beyond its present termination, are in such a state of forwardness that they can be brought into use in the course of the next season. * * *

The condition, on the 30th September last, of the three funds whose revenues are applied to purposes of education, was as follows:

	Capital.	Revenue.	Payments
Com. School Fund	$2,243,563 36	$284,903 76	$244,407 14
Literature Fund	265 906 78	42 089 96	43 436 64
U. S. Deposite Fund	4,014,520 71	256,934 93	264,602 58

The adoption by the people at the last annual election of the act to establish free schools throughout the State, will offer a most important change in the system of common school education. Under this law, the common schools are to be free to all persons over five and under twenty-one years of age. On the first day of July last, there were 11,191 organized school districts in the State; being an increase of 570 over the number reported last year; and the number of children taught in the common schools during the year, was 778,309, being an increase of 2,585 over the preceding year.

There are 1893 unincorporated and private schools in the State, comprising 72,785 pupils. The aggregate amount of public money received by the several Common School districts, from all sources, during the year, was $846 710 45. Of this sum, $625,456 69 have been apportioned for the payment of teachers' wages. In addition to which, $489,696 63 were raised in the several districts on rate bills for the same object, making an aggregate of $1,143,401 16 expended for teachers wages during the year ending 1st January, 1849.

The whole number of volumes in the District Libraries is 1,409,154; 70,306 volumes having been purchased during the year, and $93,104 82 been expended for District Libraries and School Apparatus.

Of the schools before mentioned, 35 are for colored children, in which upwards of 4000 children have been taught, at an aggregate of $5,016 57; of which $2,149 60 were contributed on rate bills by those sending the children to school. Considering the usually very limited means of our colored population, this large proportionate contribution voluntarily paid by them, shows a most commendable desire on their part, to secure to their children the benefits of education.

The Governor recommends that the project of an Agricultural College be encouraged, more stringent laws in relation to Banking Frauds, and a Mint in the city of New York, &c.

SLAVERY.—It is with no slight degree of pain that I feel it a duty again to refer to a subject which is attracting the earnest attention and the most anxious solicitude of the people, and which continues to excite the strongest sectional prejudices, and forms, perhaps, the only speck in our political horizon whence any danger can be reasonably apprehended to affect the internal harmony of our confederacy.

The acquisition by the United States of a large extent of territory contiguous to that portion of the States wherein the institution of Domestic Slavery continues to be tolerated, and the necessity of providing some form of government for these new accessions to the jurisdiction of the General Government, have furnished the occasion, which seems to be inevitable, of determining the question whether the institution of Slavery shall be permitted to extend itself within the bounds of these newly acquired possessions from which it has been excluded by the municipal laws of the power which at the time had the sovereign jurisdiction over the territory, and from which the United States acquired its title and its right.

The discussion and the decision of this exciting question should be approached in the spirit of kindness and of mutual and charitable toleration for differences of opinion, necessarily resulting from differences of education, of habits, and of the associations by which men are surrounded, and with the determination to resist and to check all tendencies, from whatever quarter they may proceed, toward fanatical agitation, sectional excitement, or partizan advancement. A firm and decided expression of our own convictions of right, and even of our unalterable determination of action, if temperately made in this spirit, is not only justifiable but proper, and can give no just cause of offence to those with whom we differ on this one point, while united by the strongest bonds of brotherhood in the recollection of a common and glorious union in the past, in the realization of a common interest in the present, and in the hope of a brilliant and an enduring feature of peace, of union, and of prosperity to our common country, and to her cherished institutions.

It is no new declaration in behalf of the State of New York, that she regards Slavery as a moral, a social and political evil.

At the time of the separation of the States from the Government of Great Britain, the people of New York, in common with most of the other States of the Union, found the institution of Slavery among the evils which had been fastened upon them by the avarice, or the misgovernment, or neglect of the parent country. Appreciating it then, as she now does as an evil and a wrong, our State, early and while the slave population was large, and bore the proportion of more than one to fifteen of the free population, commenced a course of legislation for the extinction of Slavery within her borders. Regarding it as a domestic relation, founded upon and limited to the range of the territorial laws of the State, dependent for its continuance and its regulation upon the legislation of the several States, New York exercised her exclusive power over the institution within her own borders, but has carefully avoided any interference with the right of other States to regulate their internal policy in their own way; not because her repugnance to human bondage, or her attachment to the principles of universal freedom, were confined to the limits of her own jurisdiction; but because of her attachment to the Union of the States, and because of her solemn regard for the compact into which she had entered with those States.

But while she has thus scrupulously abstained from all interference with the domestic institutions and the internal legislation of her sister States, her voice has been frequently raised in behalf of human freedom and in opposition to the extension of Slavery beyond the limits of those States within which it has heretofore been sanctioned. Her expressions on this point have been frequent and emphatic, and their repetition at this time will not be unexpected.

At the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Slavery existed in twelve of the thirteen States of the Union. From six of the twelve it has since been excluded by the Legislation of the States themselves.

Seventeen new States have been added to the Confederacy, nine of which recognize and sanction Slavery, while only eight have come into the Union with laws prohibiting involuntary servitude. The admission of five of these eight Free States was guaranteed by a compact anterior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, made between the States of the Confederacy and the people residing in the territory northwest of the River Ohio, leaving only three new Free States which have been admitted into the Union, whose admission was not contemplated and assured at the adoption of the Constitution.

Of the nine new slaveholding States, five have been formed out of territory which has been acquired by the United States since the adoption of the Constitution, and which, consequently, could not of right claim the benefit of the compromises of that instrument, which nevertheless, have been gratuitously extended to them. And one of these five States has come into the Union with a clause in the resolutions whereby it was annexed, under which, at some future day, four additional slaveholding States may ask admittance into the Union.

However deeply New York may have regretted the extension of an institution which she solemnly believes to involve a great moral wrong, and to be attended with social and political ills, in her loyalty and devotion to the Union, she has refused to consider the political advantages which have been so repeatedly conceded, and has assented to an extension of the compromises of the Constitution, in order to bring into the Union new elements of strength and of greatness, to open new fields for enterprise, and to develop the national power and the capacity of man for self-government.

In this assent to an extension of the compromises of the Constitution, while again and again yielding important political advantages, New York has made no concession of principle. The institution of Slavery existed within the territory out of which these new States were formed, before it came under the jurisdiction of the United States, and by virtue of previously existing ordinances of the power from which our Government derived its title.

Holding that the Government of the United States has no right to interfere either toward the establishment or the abolition of this domestic relation within the limits of the several States, New York reaffirmed her constitutional belief when she renewed the evidences of her attachment to the Union, and of her disposition to yield advantages, by assenting to the admission of these new States.

She did not stop to consider the magnitude nor the frequency of the concessions which she was making, and the merely political advantages which she was voluntarily relinquishing: nor does she now consider them. But she does stop before consenting to be a party to what she deems a wrong, and such she considers would be the attempt to establish Slavery, under the sanction, or with the assent of the General Government, within any portion of the Territories of the United States whence it is now legally excluded.

The General Government has made four separate acquisitions of territory. By each of the three former, slave territory was acquired, and from these acquisitions, five new slaveholding States have already been admitted into the Union, with an implied promise of four more at some future day. The last acquisition of territory is the only one whereby we have acquired jurisdiction over soil whence Slavery was, by existing laws, entirely prohibited. By the treaty with Mexico, the territories of New Mexico and California came to us free; and the laws of Mexico abolishing Slavery, which were in force at the time of the cession, continue to be operative, and not affected by the transfer of sovereignty over the territory.

The people of California have recently taken initial steps toward admission into the Union as a sovereign State. By the Constitution which they have adopted, they have embodied in their organic law the prohibition of Slavery or involuntary servitude. And a petition was presented to Congress, during the past winter, in behalf of a portion of the people of New Mexico, asking for the establishment of a Territorial Government, which should protect them against the institution of domestic Slavery. The voice of the people of California has thus been expressed in favor of Freedom; and there is little room for doubt that New Mexico sympathizes in sentiment with California. Congress cannot, without a transgression of its constitutional powers, without the violation of the principles of justice, and an utter disregard of the wishes of the people, and of the protection which it is bound to extend over the territory to which it has acquired the title, refuse admission to the new State, or countenance or sanction, in any way, the introduction of Slavery within the territory. And without the sanction and the assent of Congress, these newly acquired territories are secured to Freedom, and must remain, as they now are, exempt from the institution of Slavery.

The emphatic voice of the Legislature of the State of New York, expressed in the resolutions passed at their last two sessions, and the nearly unanimous sentiment of the people of our State have declared that, under no circumstances, will their assent be given to the extension of Slavery into these territories, from which it is now excluded.

New York loves the Union of the States. She will not contemplate the possibility of its dissolution; and sees no reason to calculate the enormity of such a calamity.

She loves also the cause of Human Freedom, and sees no reason to abstain from an avowal of her attachment. While, therefore, she holds fast to the one, she will not forsake the other.

Mortality in 1849.—It appears from the records of the City Inspector, that the number of deaths in this city last year, was 22,372 In 1848, 14,613 Increase, 7,754, or nearly one half—which is chiefly attributable to the prevalence of the cholera. The places of nativity of the larger classes of the deceased are as follows: United States, 13,300; Ireland, 5,963; Germany, 1,532. Of the whole number, 11,736 males, and 10,636 females. Adults, 11,502; Children, 10,870. Whole number of deaths by cholera, 5,072

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The undersigned, as the Committee having in charge the financial concerns of the Liberator, are under the necessity of announcing to its subscribers, that it has become imperative upon them to restore the price of the paper to the terms upon which it was afforded previous to their reduction to *two dollars*, in 1847. We regret, as much as any of the friends of the Liberator can do, this necessity; but the state of the subscription list, and a deficiency of several hundred dollars at the close of the present year, leave us no alternative.

At the former price, $2 50, for two or three years previous to the reduction, the receipts of the paper had quite, or very nearly, covered its expenses, including Mr. Garrison's salary. We were induced to make the change at the urgent instance of several of the truest friends of the Liberator, who believed that its circulation might be greatly increased, if the price were reduced. We are compelled to say, after the experience of two years, that the experiment has failed. We are sure, therefore, of the cordial agreement of all who appreciate its value in the propriety of a return to the former price, of their warm co-operation with us in our endeavors to place its pecuniary affairs upon a permanent foundation.

We believe that it is in vain to hope that a very numerous body of subscribers can be procured, at any price, to a paper of the radical character of the Liberator. It is too much to expect that men will be willing to pay for the scourge that chastises them, however deserved or wholesome the correction may be. But we do not believe that those that can estimate its value as an Agent of Reform, will be deterred from taking it by any terms of subscription necessary to its due support; still less that any who now enjoy its influences will abandon it for this trifling advance. They will remember that this addition to the price, moderate as it is to the individual subscriber makes a difference of near A THOUSAND dollars in the receipts of the paper, as it now stand.

The terms of the Liberator, then, from the beginning of the next volume, will be restored to the sum of TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, *per annum*, which, we hope, in time, will enable us to meet its expenses. But for the present, we must earnestly request those friends of the paper who, last year consented to pay FIVE dollars for their copy, to continue, or increase, their liberality. Such assistance will be indispensible for a longer or shorter season. As soon as it can be dispensed with, we shall gratefully release them from giving this direction to their Anti-Slavery funds.

FRANCIS JACKSON,
ELLIS GRAY LORING,
SAMUEL PHILBRICK,
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Boston, December 24, 1849.

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WM. H. DIETZ
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Oct 11. 4 mo*

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Miscellany.

From Sartain's Magazine.

A YEAR AT AMBLESIDE.

JANUARY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

After a long illness, during which I never saw a tree in leaf for upwards of five years, and passed my life between my bed and my sofa, I recovered—to my own surprise, and that of every one who knew me. In September, I crept out of doors, and lay on a bit of grass a few yards square. In October, I walked down to the sea-shore, and by degrees extended my rambles to a fine beach three miles from home. By this time there was no doubt of my being well; but it was evidently desirable to change the scene, and break off all associations of sickness with my daily habits, and I eagerly accepted the invitation of friends who lived on the banks of Windermere, to spend a month with them. That month determined my place of residence for, probably, the rest of my life.

I had seen the Lake district in a cursory way, some years before, merely passing through it on my way to Scotland. Its beauty had struck me with a kind of amazement. As I looked down into some of the vales, or around upon a wall of mountains, I was almost incredulous of what I saw. If I had been told that after a long and dreary season of hopeless illness, I should come and sit down for life in this region, I should have looked upon the prospect as one of the most marvellous of the shifting scenes of life.

Its beauty is not the only, nor to some people, the chief interest and charm of the Lake district.—The mountains, by their conservative influence, have here hedged in a piece of old English life, such as is to be found nowhere else within the Island. They have always hedged in a piece of the life that had passed away from the rest of the country. When the Romans were elsewhere building walls around the towns, and stretching out roads from point to point of the Island, the Druids were still collecting their assemblage of wild Britons under the forest shades of this region. The remains of coppices of oak, ash, birch, and hollies, show how high up the mountain sides the ancient forest extended, and under those trees stood of old the long-bearded, shaven-headed, white-robed Druidical priests, sending up a flame of sacrifice, which scared the red deer, and the wolf, and the wild bull in their coverts, and brought the eagles from their highest perch by the scent of a prey. But even here change must come, though later than elsewhere, and the Romans drew near, at last, to invade the region, and pave a road through it. It must have been a curious sight to the skin-clad Britons who were posted as sentinels, when the Roman standards appeared among the trees, and helmets and spears glittering in the pathways of the woods. The Romans took possession of Windermere, and made a camp at its head. If the circles of stones planted by the Druids are visible here and there in the district, no less distinct are the marks of Roman occupation. In a field at the head of Windermere, the outlines of their camp are obvious enough to the eye; and on a mountain ridge, still called High Street, are the fragments of pavement, which show that even here, above the highest tree-tops from which the British sentinels could look forth, the Roman soldiers made a road for their standards and their troops. What a sight it must have been from below? How the native mother must have shrunk back with her children into the caves of the rock, or the covert of the wood—less afraid of the wild beasts than of these majestic invaders, against whom her husband was gone out with his scythe or his club! How she and her companions must have listened to the shock of falling trees, and the cleaving of the rocks, which gave notice that the enemy were making themselves a broad highway through the heart of the district. I always think of those cowering Britons now, when I go by the old Roman road, which descends upon Grasmere. The scene is open enough now, but I can conjure up the forests which clothed the mountain slopes down to the very brink of the Grasmere lake, in the days when the wild boar came down to drink, and the squirrel could (as the country people tell) go from Wythburn to Keswick, then miles on a straight line,—on the tree-tops, without touching the ground.

After all, the Romans passed away before the Britons. The natives remained in considerable numbers in the fastnesses, when the glittering soldiers were no more seen on the paved ways, and the trumpets no longer echoed from one mountain peak to another. But the Saxons and Danes came in to take possession of the fertile spots as the Romans left them. They never obtained possession of the district, however. For six hundred years, the Saxons held some of the fine alluvial lands upon the lakes, and lived in settlements where there were natural facilities for defence; but they needed all these facilities, for the Britons had learned from the Romans how to arm themselves better, and to fight: and for those six hundred years they held their ravines, and forests, and even their villages and hamlets, so that the Saxons could never feel secure. After those six centuries, more and more Saxons crowded to these West Moorlands, now called Westmoreland; but they came not to conquer territory, but to seek shelter from the Normans, who were upon their heels. The Saxon men of substance, who were driven out from their estates in the south by the Norman invaders,—robbed, oppressed, outraged in every way,—came up among the Fells to nourish vengeance, and form themselves into bands of outlaws, for the torment of as many Norman usurpers as they could reach. The Britons had long ceased to appear elsewhere; and from this time we hear no more of them among the Fells, and, as before, the Saxons were to be heard of as holding the Fells, long after their race had mingled with the Norman everywhere to the south. The Normans came as near as they could, but they never so far penetrated the West Moorlands as to build castles in the midst, and settle down there as inhabitants. They obtained grants of land, but they never practically took possession of them. They built monasteries and castles in the level country which stretches out around the cluster of mountains; but they only sent their herdsmen with their flocks to encroach gradually upon the mountain slopes, and over the nearer vales; or drew the inhabitants towards them by the temptations and privileges of the abbeys and the castles. First, these Normans built Furness Abbey, on a plain to the south of the mountain group; and then between the mountains and the sea, Calder Abbey, to the west. Afterwards, they restored the religious house of St. Bees, on the coast, and then a great Norman noble founded Lanercost Priory, to the northeast. Thus they invested this noble fortress of nature,—this mountain cluster,—but they never took it. The race at last mingled with the Saxon, and dwelt here as everywhere else, but it was by gradual penetration, and not by force or stratagem. The feudal retainers, sent to do service in tillage and herding, became more and more free and independent of their lords, and as they became more free, they found easier access to the heart of the region, till, in course of time, they were in fact owners of portions of land, under a more nominal subservience to the great men at a distance. This state of things is kept in mind by old customs at this day. I pay ninepence a year to Lord Lonsdale for my field, and am nominally his tenant, while my land is, to all practical purposes, freehold. The tenure is called Customary Freehold, and the nominal lord has no power when I have once acknowledged his old feudal claim by being "made a tenant," and paying my ninepence a year.

The holders of the crofts on the mountain sides, and in the vales (the inclosures built of stones, for the protection of the flocks from wild beasts, and for promoting the growth of the coppice on which they browsed), these tenants gradually becoming owners, were the original of the Dalesmen of our time.—Since the Union of Scotland with England, and the consequent extinction of border warfare, these Dalesmen have become some of the quietest people in the world. No more summoned to war, nothing calls them out of their retreats, except an occasional market, or a sale of household furniture in some neighboring valley. They go on practising their old fashioned methods of tillage and herding, living in their primitive abodes, and keeping up customs, and even a manner of speech, which are elsewhere almost obsolete. It will not be so long. Their agriculture cannot hold its ground against modern improvements. Their homespun linen and cloth do not answer now in comparison with Manchester cottons and Yorkshire woollens. Their sons part off to the manufacturing districts, to get a better maintenance than they can find at home; and the daughters must go out to service. Still the old croft will not support those who remain: the land is mortgaged more deeply. The interest cannot be raised; and, under this pressure, the temptation to the sinking Dalesman to drown his cares in drink, becomes too strong for many a one who has no resources of education to fall back upon. Then comes the end,—the land and furniture are sold, the family disperse, and a stranger comes in who can make the land answer under modern methods of tillage. Some of these strangers have a sufficient love of what is consecrated by time, to retain as much as they can of the ancient character of the region in the aspect of their dwellings, and the arrangement of their estates, but all cannot be expected to do this; and the antique air of the region must pass away. I have myself built a house of the gray stone of the district, in the style of three centuries ago; but I see flaring white houses, square and modern, springing up in many a valley; and I feel that from this time forward our West Moorlands will not lag behind the world—two or three centuries in the rear of adjoining countries,—so charmingly as they have done from the dawn of British history till now.

As in many other mountain districts, the highest of our peaks are in the middle. Scawfell is the highest, and Bowfell next, and they are nearly in the centre of the cluster. From this centre, not only do the ridges decline in height, but the valleys decrease in depth; so that on the outskirts, we have only gently sloping, green hills, and shallow vales, whence, in clear weather, we look up to the lofty central crags. In approaching from the South, through Lancashire, Windermere is the first of the lakes that is encountered. Gentle hills surround its southern end; and these rise and swell through the whole ten miles of its length, till about its head, the diverging valleys are closed in by the heights of Fairfield, and the remarkable summits called the Langdale Pikes. Bowfell appears beyond them; and from some points on the lake, Scawfell itself is seen peeping over a nearer ridge. It was night when I arrived at the house of my host; and all that I knew of the road, for some miles, was that it was bordered by tufty walls, and overhung with trees which on the left hand separated it from the lake. In the morning, what a scene it was! The road was hidden, and the lawn before the windows seemed to slope down to the fringe of trees, and the graceful little wooded promontory which jutted out into the lake. The gray waters spread out here about a mile in breadth. To the South they were lost among a group of wooden Islands, while the head of the lake rounded off among green meadows with here and there a rocky projection crested with black pines, which were reflected in the waters below. A hamlet of white houses appeared in and out among the trees, at the foot of the rugged mountain, called Loughrigg, which separates the two diverging valleys at the head of Windermere. From my host's porch we looked up the quiet valley of the Brathay, where a beautiful little church, built by a Mercer from Bond street, crowns a wooded rock, and overlooks the rattling river Brathay, to the glorious cluster of summits and ridges which the winter morning sun clothes with orange, crimson, and purple lines below where the snow cuts out a sharp outline against the sky. When I came to live here, I soon learned that if I wished for a calm, meditative walk after my morning's work, I had better go up this valley of the Brathay, where I was sure never to meet anybody. I could look out from its high churchyard upon its unsurpassed view, and then go down and skirt Loughrigg, and lean upon a gate, or rest upon a heathery perch of rock, without much probability of seeing a face for three hours together. Whereas, if I was tired of thinking, and sociably inclined, I had better take my way up the other valley—that of Rotha, where the little town of Ambleside nestles under the shelter of the swelling Wansfell, and which is scattered over with dwellings throughout its circuit. In going round this valley, a walk of about five miles from my friend's house, it was pretty certain that we should meet the majority of our acquaintances, on any fine winter afternoon.

On going forth, the first thing that strikes the eye is probably the great abundance of evergreens. To me, the wintry aspect of the country is almost annihilated in the neighborhood of dwellings, by the clustering and shining of the evergreens. The hollies in the hedges are tall and tree-like; and near the breakfast-room windows of their houses, the inhabitants plant a holly, to be an aviary in winter, when birds come flitting about for the sake of the berries. Then the approaches are hedged in with laurels; the laurestina is in full flower on the lawns; the houses and walls are half covered with ivy; and wherever, along the road, a garden wall stretches away, it runs over with evergreens, which shake off the snow as the breeze passes over them. Well, we go down the road to the toll-bar, where the good woman lives who likes her calling so well that she has no wish to leave her gate to see the world. She saw the world one afternoon for four hours, when her employer sent her to Bowness for a frolic; and she got so tired and dull she was glad to see her toll-house again, and declared she would never more go pleasuring. I was in the boat with her that day—a packet-boat steered by Professor Wilson, who had his friend Dr. Blair with him. The contrast of the three faces was curious,—the forlorn dullness of the woman, who looks the picture of content when taking toll,—the abstraction of the philological Dr. Blair, and the keen, observing, and enjoying countenance of Christopher North. Just through the toll-bar, lies Waterhead, a cluster of houses on the northern margin of the lake, the prettiest of which is the low cottage under the massy sycamores, with its grass-plat spreading into the waters—the cottage where I lived when my house was building. Passing behind this cottage, the road winds somewhat inland, leaving space for a meadow between it and the lake, till it passes the Roman Camp before mentioned. Then on the right we see, across a field and almost hidden among evergreens, the cottage of poor Hartley Coleridge's tutor, the singular old clergyman who died at upwards of eighty, without a will, as if summoned untimely! Then we pass the beautiful house and most flowery garden of a Quaker friend of mine,—a place which seems in all weathers to look as cheerful as its benevolent master. In my early walk, before it is light in the winter morning, I choose this direction in February, because in a copse of my Quaker friend's which overhangs the road, there is always a more glorious tumult of singing-birds than in any other spot I know. To hear these birds on the one hand, and the gush of the rapid Rotha on the other, when the day is breaking over the waters, is enough to enliven the whole succeeding winter day. The Rotha is here spanned by a bridge, which we must cross if we mean to go round the valley. We leave the high way now, and pass through a gate which makes the winding road half private for the whole time that we are skirting Loughrigg. Under wooded steeps and through copses we go, looking over the flat valley to the green swelling mountains on the other side, whose woods run down the ravines, and hang on the slopes, and peep out where the vales hide between. When I first came, there was a green knoll swelling up out of the meadows, under the opposite hills, with a chapel roof rising behind it, and a row of lowly gray stone cottages near. When I first marked that knoll, I little thought that on it I should build my house, and that it would afford that terrace view which would be the daily delight of my life. But there now stands my graystone old English house, with climbing plants already half covering it, and a terrace wall below, inviting my fruit-trees to spread themselves over it.

Our road now skirts the Rotha, a stream too clear to fish in, except after heavy rains. There is no beguiling the trout in water as transparent as the air. We do not now cross the little Millar Bridge, by which I am wont to go almost daily to Fox How; but we walk on to Fox How, through whose birch copse we have to pass. Every one knows that Fox How is the abode so beloved by Dr. Arnold—the house he built, and the garden he laid out to be the retreat of his old age. The trees that he planted spread and flourished; his house is almost covered with roses and climbing plants, his younger children are growing up there, and his friends assemble in his home: but he has long been gone. Perhaps there is not one of us that ever passed through that birch copse without vivid thoughts of him. As for me, I usually take my way through the garden, even if I have not time for more than a word at the window, or even for that. We now see the recess of Fairfield, its whole *cul-de-sac*, finely, unless mists are filling the basin, and curling about the ridges; and Rydal Forest stretches boldly up to the snow line. Lady Le Fleming's large, staring, yellow mansion is a blemish in the glorious view; but a little way back, we saw near it what puts all great mansions out of our heads.—Wordsworth cottage, a little way up the lower slope of Nab Scar—the blunt end of the Fairfield horseshoe. Of that cottage we must say more hereafter; it does not lie in our road now. After passing four or five dwellings more or less, prettily set down in their gardens, we come to Pelter Bridge, where we cross the Rotha again, and join the mail road. The river still sweeps beside us, among stones and under bending trees, joined here and there by a beck (brook) which has been making waterfalls in the ravines above. When we part company with it, we pass by more and more dwellings, one of the most striking of which, from its exquisite position on a hill-side, is the large gray house built by the brother of Sir Humphry Davy. That gate is near my own. After passing both, and skirting the wall of Mr. Harrison's grounds we come to the little town of Ambleside.—We had better pause at the foot of the hill leading up to the church; for we have more to say of Ambleside than we have room for here.

THE RUSTIC WREATH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I had taken refuge in a harvest field belonging to my good neighbor, Farmer Cresswell; a beautiful child lay on the ground, at some distance, whilst a young girl, resting from the labor of reaping, was twisting a rustic wreath—enamelled corn-flowers, brilliant poppies, snowwhite lily-bines, and light fragile hare-bells, mingled with tufts of the richest wheat-ears—around his hat.

There was something in the tender youthfulness of these two innocent creatures, in the pretty, though somewhat fantastic, occupation of the girl, the fresh wild flowers, the ripe and swelling corn, that harmonised with the season and the hour, and conjured up memories of "Dis and Proserpine," and of all that is gorgeous and graceful in old mythology—of the lovely Lavinia of our own poet, and of that finest pastoral in the world, the far lovlier Ruth. But these fanciful associations soon vanished before the real sympathy excited by the actors of the scene, both of whom were known to me, and both objects of a sincere and lively interest.

The young girl, Dora Creswell, was the orphan niece of one of the wealthiest yeomen in our part of the world, the only child of his only brother; and, having lost both her parents whilst still an infant, had been reared by her widowed uncle, as fondly and carefully as his own son Walter. He said that he loved her quite as well, perhaps he loved her better; for, although it were impossible for a father not to be proud of the bold, handsome youth, who at eighteen had a man's strength and a man's stature, was the best ringer, the best cricketer, and the best shot in the country; yet the fair Dora, who, nearly ten years younger, was at once his handmaid, his housekeeper, his plaything, and his companion, was evidently the very apple of his eye. Our good farmer vaunted her accomplishments, as men of his class are wont to boast of a high-bred horse or a favorite greyhound. She could make a skirt and a pudding, darn stockings, rear poultry, keep accounts and read the newspaper; was as famous for gooseberry wine as Mrs. Primrose, and could compound a syllabub with any dairy-woman in the country.—There was not such a handy little creature anywhere: so thoughtful and trusty about the house, and yet, out of doors, as gay as a lark, and as wild as the wind—nobody was like his Dora. So said, and so thought, Farmer Creswell; and before Dora was ten years old, he had resolved that, in due time, she should marry his son Walter, and had informed both parties of his intention. Now, Farmer Creswell's intentions were well known to be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a fair specimen of an English yeoman, a tall, square-built, muscular man, stout and active, with a resolute countenance, a keen eye, and an intelligent smile; his temper was boisterous and irascible, generous and kind to those whom he loved, but quick to take offence, and slow to pardon, expecting and exacting implicit obedience from all about him. With all Dora's good gifts, the sweet and yielding nature of the gentle and submissive little girl was undoubtedly the chief cause of her uncle's partiality. Above all, he was obstinate in the very highest degree, had never been known to yield a point or change a resolution; and the fault was the more inveterate because he called it firmness, and accounted it a virtue. For the rest he was a person of excellent principle and perfect integrity: clear-headed, prudent, and sagacious; fond of agricultural experiments, and pursuing them cautiously and successfully; a good farmer and a good man.

His son, Walter, who was, in person, a handsome likeness of his father, resembled him, also, in many points of character; was equally obstinate; and far more fiery, hot, and bold. He loved his pretty cousin much as he would have loved a favorite sister, and might, very possibly, if let alone, become attached to her as his father wished: but to be dictated to, to be chained down to a distant engagement, to hold himself bound to a mere child—the very idea was absurd; and restraining, with difficulty, an abrupt denial, he walked down into the village, predisposed, out of sheer contradiction, to fall in love with the first young woman who should come in his way—and he did fall in love accordingly.

Mary Hay, the object of his ill-fated passion, was the daughter of the respectable mistress of a small endowed school at the other side of the parish. She was a delicate, interesting creature, with a slight, drooping figure, and a fair, downcast face like a snowdrop, forming such a contrast with her gay and gallant wooer, as Love, in his vagaries, is often pleased to bring together. The courtship was secret and tedious, and prolonged from months to years; for Mary shrank from the painful contact which she knew that an avowal of their attachment would occasion. At length her mother died; and, deprived of a home and maintenance, she reluctantly consented to a private marriage. An immediate discovery ensued, and was followed by all the evils, and more than all, that her worst fears had anticipated. Her husband was turned from the house of his father, and, in less than three months, his death, by an inflammatory fever, left her a desolate and penniless widow; unowned and unassisted by the stern parent, on whose unrelenting temper, neither the death of his son, nor the birth of his grandson, seemed to make the slightest impression. But for the general sympathy excited by the deplorable situation and blameless deportment of the widowed bride, she and her infant must have taken refuge in the workhouse. The whole neighborhood was zealous to relieve and to serve them; but their most devoted friend was poor Dora. Considering her uncle's partiality to herself as the primary cause of all this misery, she felt like a guilty creature; and casting off, at once, her native timidity and habitual submission, she had repeatedly braved his anger, by the most earnest supplications for mercy and for pardon; and when this proved unavailing, she tried to mitigate their distresses by all the assistance that her small means would admit. Every shilling of her pocket money she expended on her dear cousins; worked for them, begged for them, and transferred to them every present that was made to herself, from a silk frock to a penny tartlet.—Everything that was her own she gave, but nothing of her uncle's; for, though sorely tempted to transfer some of the plenty around her to those whose claim seemed so just, and whose need was so urgent, Dora felt that she was trusted, and that she must prove herself trustworthy.

Such was the posture of affairs at the time of my encounter with Dora and little Walter, in the harvest field; the rest will be best told in the course of our dialogue:—

"And so, madam, I cannot bear to see my dear cousin Mary so sick and so melancholy; and the dear, dear child, that a king might be proud of—only look at him!" exclaimed Dora, interrupting herself, as the beautiful child, sitting on the ground, in all the placid dignity of infancy, looked up at me, and smiled in my face. "Only look at him!" continued she, "and think of that dear boy, and his dear mother, living on charity, and they my uncle's lawful heirs, whilst I, that have no right whatsoever, no claim, none at all—I that, compared to them, am but a far-off kinswoman, the mere creature of his bounty, should revel in comfort and in plenty, and they starving! I cannot bear it, and I will not. And then the wrong that he is doing himself; he that is really so good and kind, to be called a hard-hearted tyrant by the whole country-side. And he is unhappy himself, too; I know that he is. So tired as he comes home, he will walk about his room half the night; and often, at meal times, he will drop his knife and fork, and sigh so heavily. He may turn me out of doors, as he has threatened; or, what is worse, call me ungrateful or undutiful, but he shall see this boy."

"He never has seen him, then? and that is why you are tricking him out so prettily."

"Yes, ma'am. Mind what I told you, Walter; and hold up your hat, and say what I bid you."

"Gan-papa's flowers!" said his zealous preceptress.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" echoed the boy.

"Shall you take the child to the house, Dora?" asked I.

"No, ma'am; I look for my uncle here every minute, and this is the best place to ask a favor in, for the sight of the great crop puts him in good humor, not so much on account of the profits, but because the land never bore half so much before, and it is all owing to his management in dressing and drilling. I came reaping here to-day on purpose to please him, for though he says he does not wish me to work in the fields, I know he likes it; and here he shall see little Walter. Do you think he can resist him, ma'am?" continued Dora, leaning over her infant cousin, with the grace and fondness of a young Madonna;" do you think he can resist him, poor child, so helpless, so harmless; his own blood, too, and so like his father? No heart could be hard enough to hold out, and I am sure that he will not. Only," pursued Dora, relapsing into her girlish tone and attitude, as a cold fear crossed her enthusiastic hope—"only I am half afraid that Walter will cry. It is strange, when one wants anything to behave particularly well, how sure it is to be naughty; my pets, especially. I remember when my lady countess came on purpose to see our white peacock, that we got in a present from India, the obstinate bird ran away behind a bean stack, and would not spread his train, to show the dead white spots on his glossy white feathers, all we could do. Her ladyship was quite angry. And my red and yellow marvel of Peru, which used to blow at four in the afternoon, as regular as the clock struck, was not open at five the other day, when Dear Miss Julia came to paint it, though the sun was shining as bright as it does now. If Walter should scream and cry, for my uncle does sometimes look so stern; and then it is Saturday, and he has such a beard! If the child should be frightened! Be sure, Walter, that you don't cry!" said Dora, in great alarm.

"Gan-papa's fowers!" replied the smiling boy, holding up his hat; and the young protectress was comforted.

At this moment the farmer was heard whistling to his dog in a neighboring field; and fearful that my presence might injure the cause, I departed, my thoughts full of the noble little girl and her generous purpose.

I had promised to call the next afternoon to learn her success; and passing the harvest field in my way, found a group assembled there which instantly dissipated my anxiety. On the very spot where we had parted, I saw the good farmer himself, in his Sunday clothes, tossing little Walter in the air, the child laughing and screaming with delight; and his grandfather apparently as much delighted as himself. A pale, slender young woman, in deep mourning, stood looking at their gambols with an air of intense thankfulness; and Dora, the cause and the sharer of all this happiness, was loitering behind, playing with the flowers in Walter's hat, which she was holding in her hand. Catching my eye, the sweet girl came to me instantly.

"I see how it is, my dear Dora, and I give you joy, from the bottom of my heart. Little Walter behaved well, then?"

"O, he behaved like an angel!"

"Did he say gan-papa's fowers?"

"Nobody spoke a word. The moment the child took off his hat and looked up, the truth seemed to flash on my uncle, and to melt his heart at once; the boy is so like his father. He knew him instantly, and caught him up his arms, and hugged him, just as he is hugging him now."

"And the Beard, Dora?"

"Why, that seemed to take the child's fancy; he put up his little hands and stroked it, and laughed in his grandfather's face, and flung his chubby arms round his neck, and held out his sweet mouth to be kissed; and O, how my uncle did kiss him! I thought he would never have done; and then he sat down on a wheat-sheaf, and cried; and I cried, too. Very strange, that one should cry for happiness!" added Dora, as some large drops fell on the rustic wreath which she was adjusting round Walter's hat. "Very strange," repeated she, looking up with a bright smile, and brushing away the tears from her rosy cheeks with a bunch of corn flowers—"very strange that I should cry, when I am the happiest creature alive; for Mary and Walter are to live with us; and my dear uncle, instead of being angry with me, says that he loves me better than ever. How very strange it is," said Dora, as the tears poured down faster and faster, "that I should be so foolish as to cry!"—*The Home Circle.*

FURTHER NEW LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB TO BERNARD BARTON.

We promised our readers "another column" of the letters of Ella, in the newly published Life and Letters of Barton, the Quaker Poet. There are several of them upon trifling matters, but every scrap of Lamb is somehow impressed with the man, and has a vitality of its own. Even his acceptances of dinner invitations seem more than other people's notes.—There is virtue in the dotting of the i's and crossing of the t's. We confess to a Moslem veneration for every scrap of his handwriting.

In one of these letters to Barton, on the transmission of certain flower-pots ordered by a friend, occurs this characteristic.—*Literary World.*

BIT OF MAGAZINE EXPERIENCE.

"T. and H. finding their magazine goes off very heavily at 2s. 6d., are prudently going to raise their price another shilling; and having already more authors then they want, intend to increase the number of them. If they set up against the 'New Monthly,' they must change their present hands. It is not tying the dead carcase of a Review to a half-dead Magazine will do their business. It is like G. D. multiplying his volumes to make 'em sell better. When he finds one will not go off, he publishes two; two stick, he tries three; three hang fire, he is confident that a fourth will have a better chance."

Lamb had noticed the religiosity of one of Barton's volumes of poems, which appears to have been misunderstood. This is his first remark, and the "explanation" follows.

"*July* 2, 1825.

"If there be a cavil, it is that the topics of religious consolation, however beautiful, are repeated till a sort of triteness attends them. Do children die so often and so good in your parts? The topic taken from the consideration that they are snatched away from *possible vanities*, seems hardly sound; for to an omniscient eye their conditional failings must be one with their actual; but I am too unwell for Theology—such as I am.

I am yours and A. K's truly,

"C. Lamb."

"*August* 10, 1825.

"Dear B. B.,

"You must excuse my not writing before, when I tell you we are on a visit to Enfield, where I do not feel it natural to sit down to a letter. It is at all times an exertion. I had rather talk with you, and A. K. quietly at Colebrook Lodge, over the matter of your last. You mistake me when you express misgivings about my relishing a series of Scriptural poems. I wrote confusedly—what I meant to say was, that one or two consolatory poems on deaths would have had a more condensed effect than many. Scriptural devotional topics admit of infinite variety. So far from poetry tiring me because religious, I can read, I say it seriously, the homely old version of the Psalms in our Prayer Books for an hour or two together sometimes without sense of weariness.

"I did not express myself clearly about what I think a false topic insisted on so frequently in consolatory addresses on the death of infants. I know something like it is in Scripture, but I think humanly spoken. It is a natural thought, a sweet fallacy to the survivors—but still a fallacy."

A glimpse of Lamb at the British Museum.

OLD PLAYS AND A SCHOOLMISTRESS.

"I am going through a course of reading at the Museum—the Garrick plays, out of part of which I formed my specimens; I have two thousand to go through, and in a few weeks have dispatched the tithe of 'em. It is a sort of office to me—hours, ten to four, the same. It does me good; a man must have regular occupation that has been used to it. So A. K. keeps a school! She teaches nothing wrong, I'll answer for't. I have a Dutch print of a schoolmistress; little old-fashioned Fleminglings, with only one face among them. She, a princess of a schoolmistress, wielding a rod for form more than use: the scene an old monastic chapel, with a Madonna over her head, looking just as serious, as thoughtful, as pure, as gentle, as herself. 'Tis a type of thy friend."

We commend to artists this rare piece of criticism (it is worthy of thinking out) on

MARTIN'S BELSHAZZAR.

"*June* 11*th*, 1827.

"Martin's Belshazzar (the picture) I have seen; its architectural effect is stupendous, but the human figures, the squalling contorted little antics that are playing at being frightened, like children at a sham ghost who half knew it to be a mask, are destable.—Then the *letters* are nothing more than a transparency lighted up, such as a lord might order to be lit up on a sudden at a Christmas gambol, to scare the ladies. The *type* is as plain as Baskervil's; they should have been dim, full of mystery;—letters to the mind rather than the eye. Rembrandt has painted a Belshazzar and a courtier or two (taking a part of the banquet for the whole,) not fribbled out a mob of fine folks. Then everything is so distinct, to the very necklaces; and that foolish little prophet—what *one* point is there of interest? The ideal of such a subject is that you, the spectator, should see nothing but what at the time you would have seen—the *hand*, and the *king*; not to be at leisure to make tailor-remarks on the dresses, or, Doctor Kitchener-like, to examine the good things at table.

"Just such a confused piece is his Joshua—frittered into a thousand fragments, little armies here, little armies there:—you should only see the *sun* and *Joshua*; if I remember, he has not left out that luminary entirely, but for Joshua, I was ten minutes a finding him.

"Still he is showy in all that is not the human figure or the preternatural interest: but the first are below a drawing-school girl's attainments, and the last is a phantasmagoric trick—'Now you shall see what you shall see:—dare is Balshazzar, and dare is Daniel.'"

There is no home appreciator, book appreciator, beyond Lamb. See him exulting!

PURCHASES 'THOMAS AQUINAS.'

"*March* 25, 1829.

"I have just come from Town, where I have been to get my bit of quarterly pension. And have brought home, from stalls in Barbican, the old 'Pilgrim's Progress' with the prints, 'Vanity Fair,' &c., now scarce. Four shillings. Cheap. And also one of whom I have oft heard and had dreams, but never saw in the flesh—that is, in sheepskin—'The whole theologic works of

Thomas Aquinas!'

My arms ached with lugging it a mile to the stage, but the burden was a pleasure, such as old Anchises was to the shoulders of Æneas or the Lady to the Lover in the old romance, who having to carry her to the top of a high mountain—the price of obtaining her—clambered with her to the top and fell dead with fatigue.

O the glorious old schoolmen!

There must be something in him. Such great names imply greatness. Who hath seen Michael Angelo's things—of us that never pilgrimaged to Rome—and yet which of us disbelieves his greatness. How I will revel in his cobwebs and subtleties till my brain spins!

N. B. I have writ in the Old Hamlet *—offer it to Mitford in my name, if he have not seen it. 'Tis woefully below our editions of it. But keep it if you like.

"I do not mean this to go for a letter, only to apprize you that the parcel is booked for you this 25th March, 1829, from the Four Swans, Bishopsgate.

"With both our loves to Lucy and A. K.,

"Yours ever,

"C. L."

* The reprint of the first quarto, in which C. L. wrote his name.

From Punch.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Scene 1.—*Blisworth Station. The north train (Peterborough line) coming in, the north train (Lincoln Line) going out; the Birmingham train waiting to come in, the York train waiting to go out; several cross-country trains coming, going, waiting to come, waiting to go; a few pilot engines running about playfully; a goods train across the Line, several horses being put into horse boxes, and kicking on the platform—Luggage scattered about—Porters rushing to and fro—a Station-Master in several places at once, and bells ringing at intervals.*

Unprotected Female (*descends hastily from north down train. To Elderly Gentleman.*) Do we change carriages here?

Elderly Gentleman (*distractedly,*) Two portmanteaus, black leather bag, hat-case. Hollo! that's mine!

[*Darts after Young Gentleman carrying bag.*

Unprotected Female (*to Elderly Gent.*) Are you a guard?

Elderly Gent. Go to the dev—(*Turns and recognizes Female.* No—my trunk—my trunk!

[*Rushes wildly in two directions after two parties, Struggle.*

Unprotected Female. Oh! somebody—(*Train begins to move. Screams.*) Stop! I'm going on! (*Is about to tumble under the wheels, is stopped by Porter.*) Oh—do we change?

Porter (*to Elderly Gent.*) Yon's your train—There, ma'am. (*Points to Lincoln train. Old Gent. rushes towards it.*) No—not yourn, sir:—this here lady's: that's yourn. (*To Elderly Gent. pointing to Peterborough train. Unprotected Female rushes towards it.*) No, no, ma'am. T'other side for you.

Unprotected Female. There's my bag in the carriage. Oh, dear! dear!

Porter. What carriage?

Stout Clergyman. This—quick!

[*Porter goes towards it.*

Unprotected Female. No—no—That's his—Oh, where's mine? Oh, dear!

Station-Master. Now, ma'am, look sharp. South train going on.

Unprotected Female. Here—Peterborough—South train? *Springs towards it.*

Station-Msater (*pulling her back*) No ma'am. Lincoln. What luggage, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. Two boxes—two cases—four parcels—and two little——Oh! That's my carriage, I'm certain.

[*Rushes to a carriage, and plunges under seat. Commercial Traveller does the same—their heads come into violent contact.*

Commercial Traveller. Confound——

Unprotected Female. No, it isn't—and two little boys—a leather one and a carpet one

Porter (*ringing bell.*) Now then. London—Lon—Lon—

Unprotected Female. Oh, where, where?

Porter. What is it, ma'am?

Unprotected Female. London, sir?

Porter. Peterborough Line, or Lincoln Line, or Birmingham Line, ma'am? Euston Square or Shoreditch? Now, look sharp!

Unprotected Female (*gradually going distracted.*) Oh, I don't know!

Elderly Gent. (*from train in motion, stretching wildly from carriage.*) Hollo! That's my bag on the platform. Stop!

Guard (*shutting door violently.*) All right!

Unprotected Female (*wildly.*) My luggage—Oh, dear! my little boys!—Oh—do—somebody!

Station-Master. Lost little boys? Here, quick—lots of little lost boys here——

[*Rushes into lost luggage department, followed by Unprotected Female.*

Here you are! [*Produces several little boys.*

Unprotected Female. Oh, no—I'm not. Oh, Johnny! Oh, Billy! and my boxes!

[*Bell outside, and voice, "Now then, Peterborough train south."*

Unprotected Female (*passionately adjuring Station-Master.*) Oh, do—sir—put me in somewhere!

Station-Master. This way—not a minute to spare—forward the babies—here—(*Shoves Unprotected Female into carriage.*) York train!—all right!

[*Shuts door violently.*

Unprotected Female (*screaming from window.*) But I'm going to London!

Guard. All right.

[*Train moves on—general confusion.—Tableau.—Scene closes.*

Mosque of the Prophet.—"Everything in this humble mosque was at first conducted with great simplicity. At night it was lighted up by splinters of the date-tree; and it was some time before lamps and oil were introduced. The prophet stood on the ground and preached, leaning with his back against the trunk of one of the date-trees, which served as pillars. He afterwards had a pulpit or tribune erected, to which he ascended by three steps, so as to be elevated above the congregation. Tradition asserts, that when he first ascended this pulpit, the deserted date-tree uttered a groan; whereupon, as a consolation, he gave it the choice either to be transplanted to a garden again to flourish, or to be transferred to paradise, there to yield fruit, in after life, to true believers. The date-tree wisely chose the latter, and was subsequently buried beneath the pulpit, there to await its blissful resurrection.

"Mahomet preached and prayed in the pulpit, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing and leaning on a staff. His precepts as yet were all peaceful and benignant, inculcating devotion to God and humanity to man. He seems to have emulated for a time the benignity of the Christian faith. 'He who is not affectionate to God's creatures, and to his own children,' would he say, 'God will not be affectionate to him. Every Moslem who clothes the naked of his faith, will be clothed by Allah in the green robes of paradise.'

"In one of his traditional sermons transmitted by his disciples, is the following apologue on the subject of charity: 'When God created the earth it shook and trembled, until he put mountains upon it to make it firm. Then the angels asked, 'Oh God, is there anything of thy creation stronger than these mountains?' And God replied, 'Iron is stronger than these mountains; for it breaks them.' 'And is there anything of thy creation stronger than iron?' 'Yes; fire is stronger than iron, for it melts it.' 'Is there anything of thy creation stronger than fire?' 'Yes; water, for it quenches fire.' 'Oh Lord, is there anything of thy creation stronger than water?' 'Yes, wind; for it overcomes water and puts it in motion.' 'Oh, our Sustainer? Is there anything of thy creation stronger than wind?' 'Yes, a good man giving alms; if he give with his right hand and conceal it from his left, he overcomes all things.'

"His definition of charity embraced the wide circle of kindness. Every good act, he would say, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to alms-giving; your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity.

"'A man's true wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow man. When he dies, people will say, What property has he left behind him? But the angels, who examine him in the grave, will ask, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'

"'Oh prophet!' said one of his disciples 'my mother, Omm-Sad, is dead; what is the best alms I can send for the good of her soul?' 'Water!' replied Mahomet, bethinking himself of the panting heat of the desert. 'Dig a well for her, and give water to the thirsty.' The man digged a well in his mother's name, and said, 'This well is for my mother, that its rewards may reach her soul.'"—*Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

The *Westfield Examiner* shows that the income of the Queen Dowager would supply a free emigration to 7000 women annually.

Education.—A science succinctly summed up in the profound exhortation of the American philosopher: "Rear up your lads like nails, and then they not only go through the world, but you may clench them 'em on t'other side."—*Thomas Hood.*

A correspondent of the *Morning Post* comments on Washington Irving's assertion that Goldsmith, and not Talleyrand, first said that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts. Young, the correspondent says, was the man: but there is no doubt that the thought was expressed long before Young's day. In his "Night Thoughts" are these lines:

"Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men speak only to conceal their mind."
—*London News.*

"A. D. M. R.," in the *Belfast Gazette* (Australia) writes of petrifactions: "On Messrs. Robertson's run, near the boundary line, in the bowels of the earth, you can see, in a vast cave, a blackfellow quite entire. The body is in a half-standing, half-reclining position, in the attitude of fear, a crust of congealed matter growing over it. But this is not the only curiosity in those wonderful subterranean vaults. There are thousands equally wonderful and much more ornamental than the black mummy. All the subterraneous edifices in ancient Egypt, Ethiopia, and the Holy Land, cannot vie with these caverns in ornamental splendor."

Alarming Intelligence.—Mr. G. P. R. James has announced a new work as "*One of a Thousand.*" Think of that! Nine hundred and ninety-nine of his books to follow!—*Punch.*

The London *Morning Chronicle* says:—

"We are informed that the Government have ordered the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* to be refitted with the utmost despatch, in order to another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, by way of Behring's Straits."

A correspondent of the *London News* writes:—"An account of the execution of the Mannings having been read in the hearing of a young friend of mine, a little boy about six years of age, he asked *why* they were hanged. "Because they killed a person" he was told. "Then won't the man who hanged them be hanged himself for killing them?" was his searching rejoinder. I think that those who appeal to the mistranslated, cobbled rendering of Gen. ix. 6, to be found in the authorized English version of the Bible, as enforcing capital punishment, would be sorely puzzled to give a logical reply to the little casuist's inquiry.

"Ye that have tears prepare to shed them now."—The *London Court Gazette* contains the following order:—Orders for the Court's going into mourning on Saturday next, the 9th inst. for her late Majesty the Queen Dowager, viz: The ladies to wear black bombazines, plain muslin, or long lawn linen, crape hoods, shamoy shoes and gloves, and crape fans. The gentlemen to wear black cloth, without buttons on the sleeves and pockets, plain muslin or long lawn cravats and weepers, shamoy shoes and gloves, crape hatbands, and black swords and buckles.

The *Leicester Mercury* gives a letter from one Mormonite to another in Leicestershire. We, *News*, extract a specimen: "i Baptised Seven last Sunday and confirmed two wee are going on well ear wee have took Saint ans chapel and a going to open it on Monday brother Reuben brinkworth of wales will adress the meeting him that was deef and dum now hee can ear and talk."

The "Englishwoman in Cannaught" says, in the *Devonport Telegraph*: "For the last few years stray tourists have ventured on excursions even into Connemara. They were probably men who, because they took the liberty of thinking and acting for themselves, were set down as 'odd,' or 'wild,' or 'so unlike every one else.' They might have passed for reasonable beings had they gone to botanize in Japan, or fish in the Gulf of Mexico, or domesticate in North American wigwams."

Mr. Macaulay's Extraction.—The historian's grandfather, the Rev. John Macaulay, (who had a brother, the Rev. Kenneth Macaulay, incumbent of Cawdor) was minister of South Uist, whence he was translated, in 1755, to Lismore, and, in 1765, to Inverary. He was in Inverary when Johnson and Boswell visited the Highlands in 1773. Boswell very characteristically says of him, "Being a man of good sense, he has a just admiration of Dr. Johnson." In the following year [1774,] Mr. Macaulay was translated to Cardross, Dumbartonshire. This gentleman was married to the daughter of a small Argyleshire proprietor, Mr. Campbell, of Inveresragan. His distinguished grandson has, therefore, a strong dash of Highland blood in his veins.

The Colored Emperor.—A money-changer of Paris received recently from Port-au-Prince a complete set of all the coins struck since Soulouque has been declared Emperor. They are of the same nominal value as the coins of France. Each coin represents on one side the new Emperor, in the imperial costume, like that of Napoleon on the day of his coronation, and on the other side the inscription of "Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti." Round the edge are the words, "God protects my people."—*Galignani.*

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